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McKean County Miner.

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SHRINERS MEET IN BRADFORD.

Annual Convocation of Zem Zem Temple Held Yesterday.

OVER ONE HUNDRED CANDIDATES.

Many Prominent Masons in Attendance—A Number of Candidates Were From Smethport.

The annual convention of Zem Zem Temple, Ancient and Arabic Order, Noble of the Mystic Shrine, was held on Wednesday in Bradford and the city was practically in the hands of the caravans from Erie, Buffalo, Jamestown, Williamsport, Rochester, Oil City and intermediate points. The Bradford Nobles prepared for the entertainment of 800 Shriners and the actual number of guests was less than 100 short of this figure. In the morning a heavy rain set in and it continued almost without interruption throughout the day, necessitating the abandonment of the proposed parade of the Shriners, which was to have taken place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The caravansary was established at the St. James Hotel, but owing to the exceptional large number of visitors nearly every hotel in the city was pressed into service in the accommodation of the travelers o'er the desert. Escorted by the K. O. T. M. band, and the members of the committee, the Shriners were taken to headquarters and preparations were made for the exercises to be conducted in the afternoon.

The journiey across the hot sands of the desert was made by a class of 103 candidates, 66 of whom are residents of Bradford, the others coming from various places within the jurisdiction of Zem Zem Temple. The following Smethport gentleman received the degree: W. A. Andorfer, H. L. Backus, H. M. Choate, F. D. Gallup, Sheridan Gorton, O. J. Hamlin, W. H. Morrison, E. T. Newman, G. C. Oviatt, T. F. Richmond, H. H. Redfield and W. F. Specht.

At 8 o'clock an elaborate banquet was served in the Dresser building to which 710 guests were seated. Nobles were in attendance from nearly every city and town in Western New York and Pennsylvania, over 300 being from Erie and 200 from Buffalo, including Imperial Potentate George L. Brown.

A Letter From Colorado.

Golden, Colo., Oct. 3, 1904.

EDITOR MINER:

Last week I took a trip forty miles up Clear Creek Canyon and saw so many things new to one residing in the east that it seems to me a description of the same will be of interest to some, at least, of the readers of your valuable paper. Immediately after leaving Golden, which is located at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and going southwest one enters the Clear Creek Canyon, where the massive ledges of the Rocky Mountains wall up perpendicular and again receding obliquely to a distance varying from five hundred to several thousand feet above the creek, not leaving enough space for the narrow gauge road, so that much blasting and removing of rock were necessary to construct it. In many cases massive rocks project out and hang over the road looking as though they might be deadfalls to entomb the train and passengers as they wind their way round the sharp curves up and down the same. It truly presents a most interesting picture to one not accustomed to such scenes. Here we find unmistakable evidences of great internal convulsions at some time as the rocks are thrown up in a conglomerated mass in every conceivable shape, with strata of rocks lying between others of entirely different formations. Often one sees rocks seemingly detached from the mass resting on a very small base and extending in the air for many feet, looking like pyramids that might at any moment come tumbling to the canyon below. I could not help think of the consequences in case of an earthquake. Resting on such small foundations the least oscilating movement would undoubtedly precipitate them to the canyon.

The next thing that attracts one's attention is the many placer mines where the pioneers panned out the gold and silver from the gravel beds in the gulches, while further up the canyon, towards Idaho Springs, one begins to see on either side of the mountains at different altitudes drifts where individuals and companies are tunneling into the mountains to obtain the gold, silver and lead which, to some extent, are blended together in most of the mines. The nearer we approach Idaho Springs more numerous are the evidences of man's desire to obtain the precious metals, and judging from the bulk of rock and low grades of ore dumped near the entrance, together with the stamp mills or crushers as they are called, one naturally concludes they must well pay, and yet I was told that very many spent everything they had in a fruitless endeavor to get rich quick at the mines. Like boring for oil or gas, it's a lottery with chance, in most localities, as good for failure as for success. Idaho Springs is a nice town of 2500 inhabitants. Mining is here carried on extensively. It is the center of a mining district where for forty years gold and silver has been staple as corn and wheat in an agriculturing section. There are eighteen mills and concentrating works. It is the greatest tunnel works in the world. Half a million dollars is paid out annually to the stockholders in the mines. The climate and scenery is the best in this great scenic state. The people are courteous and accommodating, taking great pains to show and express of mining together with their methods of separating the ores from the rocks as taken from the mines. Seventy-five per cent of the rocks as delivered to the crusher are of no value, the balance being composed of gold, silver, copper and lead, which is shipped in carloads to the smelters at Golden and Denver to be separated. By the courtesy of one of the officials of the large company owned by Pennsylvanians, Col. Duffy of Pittsburg and others, and I am told that some parties at Ormsby, Pa., have stock in this company, I was shown through their crusher and they explained the different processes by and through which they separated the crushed quartz or rock from the ores they contained. He also gave me a quantity of the ores so separated, called concentrates, which was highly appreciated by me. Not being used to going into details in explaining machinery, other than sewing machines, and for lack of space I'll not attempt to give an account of the process of separation.

I also visited the hot springs in Idaho Springs. There are six of them, varying in temperature from 100 to 124 degrees, gushing fourth from the base of the mountain. Here, as before stated, is the evidence of internal fire and reminds one of the claim that geologists make, "that the crust of the earth bears about the same proportion to the whole mass of the earth that the egg shell does to the whole mass of the egg," the rest being a ball of molten lava or gaseous fusion, as they term it. This ponderous mass of rock, a portion of the Rocky Mountain system, having been thrown up by the internal forces in every shape imaginable forms that is by some thought to be the backbone of the American Continent, but in reality it appears to me to be the weaker part, as the stratus of rocks are so broken that it lets the water come in contact with the heated rock overlying the internal fire, thus becoming so intensely heated, and boiling up from below comes to the surface with temperature as before stated. At one of the springs there is a tunnel in which patients afflicted with rheumatism, gout, eczema and other disfiguring skin diseases, not only partake of the water but take sweats, not being able to remain in the tunnel but a few moments before every pore in the body is opened, making one perspire profusely.

The springs and adjacent grounds has been bought by an enterprising man at Denver and a building erected thereon to accomodate not only the afflicted who come in large numbers every year to partake of the waters and hot tunnel vapor baths, which prove so efficacious in restoring to health those afflicted, but also to afford an opportunity to those desiring to spend the season in tents for pulmonary diseases, the waters and high altitude being beneficial to those so affected. On the premises is a large building with a wide veranda extending round it. On the inside is a pool of water from the hot springs several feet deep and I should say from 40 to 80 feet wide and long with booths all around where those wishing to bathe can robe themselves ready for the pool. I had intended to give a description of many other things seen farther on up the canyon at different mining towns but fear it will take too much space so will close for this time.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN YOUMANS.

At the Lyceum.

The attention of the Smethport Lyceum patrons is directed to the early engagement of "At the Old Cross Roads," which exhibits in this town on Friday evening, Oct. 21. The play tells a story of deep heart interest and is full of episodes of powerful dramatic strength. It abounds in scenes of vivid realism mixed with comedy of unconventional and original character. It is a play which contains the elements that please. Don't forget the date. And another which you may keep in mind is "Down by the Sea," Oct. 25. There is no question but that these plays are of the standard variety, when it is stated that of all their dates, Smethport is the first comparatively small town to be favored.

"At the Old Cross Roads" at Lyceum Friday, Oct. 21.

Gas lights and fixtures, globes, mantles, smoke bells, canopies, portables and brackets, mohair covered rubber center tubing, with patent ends—cut any length. Holmes & Gilfillan.

MARIA BIANCA VICTIM OF BLACK HAND NEMESIS

Sunday's Murderous Assault at Larabee Develops Some Sensational Features.

THE ASSAILANT WAS CAPTURED AT OLEAN

One of the Most Unusual Crimes in the History of the County—May Bring to Light a Tale of Lawbreaking of National Importance—The Suffering Victim Now at the County Home.

Maria Bianca, a pretty, young Italian woman, is at the County Home suffering from cuts on the neck, head and face, inflicted by a razor in the hands of an assassin at Larabee last Sunday afternoon.

The story of the crime is worthy the attention of the American public as bringing to light a condition of affairs that should not be allowed to exist in a civilized nation. This young woman lives in hourly peril of her life, because of her knowledge of the infamous doings of a society of anarchists and murderers, known to Americans as the Black Hand, or an organization closely allied to the terrible Mafia.

Accompanied by a reliable interpreter a MINER reporter visited the county home yesterday and learned from the lips of the victim the tragic story of the attempt upon her life.

She gave her name as Maria Bianca. She was born in Italy about 22 years ago. Came to this country five years ago and lived at Clermont with her father and mother. Her father's name was Salito Bianca. Her mother has since died. She was married in Clermont and removed to a town in New York State, where she and her husband lived six months. Then they removed to Saginaw, Mich., where they resided for about three years. They had one child—a boy, now about 3 years old.

In Saginaw, according to her story, her husband became jealous of an Italian, who boarded at their home. She said her husband had no grounds for jealousy, but that he gradually commenced to treat her cruelly. Sometimes for several days in succession he would beat her severely and abuse her in many ways. Finally, his treatment becoming unendurable, she ran away from her home and went to Buffalo, N. Y.

She secured employment as waitress in a hotel in that city and following a custom, which she said was much in vogue among her countrywomen, she made the acquaintance of a man whom she lived with and who supported her for about two months.

From her story she evidently wearied of the man, whose name was Guiseppi Scarpelli, and told him she wished to return to her father at Clermont. She had not seen any of her relatives since she left Clermont. Scarpelli agreed to request and went to the station at Buffalo and bought her a ticket from that city to Clermont, Pa. She arrived in Larabee on the Pennsylvania train Saturday night and learning that there was no train for Clermont that night, left the train and wandered around the station. She had been there but a few minutes when a man approached her and addressed her in the Italian language. To this man she told her story; that she had no money and wished to get to Clermont. He told her that there was no train to Clermont until Monday and offered in a friendly way to secure her a room at the McDonald House in Larabee. She accepted his offer and they went to the hotel where the man hired a room and registered as "John Kreby and wife, New York." Maria protested, and said he must get two rooms if he intended to stay at the hotel. She told him she would pay him for her accommodation when she got to Clermont, but he insisted that she must occupy the same room with him or he would not help her.

The couple remained over night in the hotel, the proprietor, Mrs. McDonald, and the clerk, John Chisholm, supposing them to be man and wife.

During Sunday forenoon the man made repeated efforts to induce her to go "up the track aways" and visit an Italian family that he claimed lived there. Maria repeatedly refused to do this, but finally consented and they walked along the tracks in the direction of Port Allegany.

When they had proceeded about a mile she became convinced that he was deceiving her about the Italian family and refused to go any further.

The man then dragged her along to a cut on the railway line and drawing a razor from his pocket slashed her neck, head and face, and as she sank to the ground bleeding from the murderous attack, he held the razor before her eyes and said: "You have a lover in Buffalo. Here is a present from him." Believing that he had accomplished his purpose of mortally wounding her, the assassin fled.

A "BLACK HAND" CRIME?

In her story regarding her life in Buffalo the woman disclosed the fact that her lover, Guiseppi Scarpelli, together with eight or nine of his associates, were members of an anarchistic organization which, from her description, convinced the interpreter and other intelligent Italians, is no other than the celebrated "Black Hand," which has within the past few months engaged the attention of Buffalo and New York City authorities by the daring of its crimes and in most cases successful concealment of the same. A favorite method of this society is to write threatening letters to wealthy Italians demanding money, and in cases death has followed the refusal of the victim to comply with the outrageous requests.

The victim fearfully admitted that she knew much concerning the deeds of Scarpelli and his associates and was convinced that the murderous attack upon her was committed at her lover's instigation by one of the agents of this terrible gang. It has been related to the writer that agents of the "Black Hand" live at Clermont, Bradford and other points in McKean county. According to the statements of Italians who claim to know, Maria Bianca is a doomed woman if she has incurred the displeasure of the "Black Hand." "She is only safe with a policeman on each side of her," facetiously expressed an Italian.

A VISIT TO LARABEE.

At Larabee it was learned that after receiving the wounds the woman managed to reach the public highway where she was seen by D. E. Everhart, a resident of Eldred township, who was driving to Larabee. The woman was pressing both hands to her face and neck from which the blood was pouring in an alarming manner. She called to him, and as she came close to the buggy removed her hands from the wounds. Mr. Everhardt was horrified to see that a gaping wound extended from a point near the back of her neck to her left cheek. Her left ear was severed by this slash and her right cheek was also gashed in a shocking manner. He assisted her into the buggy and she was taken to the McDonald House and medical assistance was summoned. Dr. McNamara hastily responded and dressed the wounds of the injured girl in the office of the McDonald House. All through the operation the patient exhibited great fortitude, in fact, her physical endurance is a story in itself.

Ten stitches were taken in the first described gash and four in the lesser wound. She will soon recover, unless some unexpected complication sets in.

ESCAPE AND CAPTURE OF "KREBY."

To the Larabee correspondent of the MINER is given the credit of the most probable account of the movements of the would-be assassin after the crime was committed. It is also learned that had the Italians employed near Larabee captured the miscreant last Sunday the matter might have assumed a Southern aspect. The correspondent's story follows:

He made a wide detour of the fields and seeing a P., S. & N. freight train at the depot climbed upon the bumpers between two coal cars. In this fashion he was seen by the operator as he passed Olean Junction. Station Agent F. C. Crandall notified the chief of police of Bolivar to be on the lookout for him, but he left the train while it was taking water at Ceres. Monday at 10:30 a. m. he came to Olean on a Bolivar trolley car and Chief of Police Swift captured him as he sat in a car on train No. 101 bound for Buffalo. He was lodged in the Olean bastile, where, later, Albert Rice of this place identified him as the man wanted. The prisoner made a confession.

As soon as requisition papers can be had the Italian will be brought to Smethport and lodged in jail.

"At the Old Cross Roads" at Lyceum Friday, Oct. 21.

Potato Crates, in any quantity. No matter what your wants are we can supply them. We make them in our own shop and carry a large stock on hand. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Court Proceedings.

The following business was acted upon at court last week after we went to press:

James Onella, an Italian, charged with having attempted to commit a rape on the 9-year-old daughter of a fellow countryman, near Bradford, was found guilty, a recommendation for mercy being offered by the jurors in his behalf. His Honor sentenced him to pay a fine of $100, costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the western penitentiary at Allegheny for a period of three years and six months.

Bert Costa, charged by his wife with malicious mischief, assault and battery and surety of the peace, was found guilty on the assault and battery charge. He was fined $50, costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for two months.

In the case of the Commonwealth against John Malone, assault and battery, Malone was found not guilty but was obliged to pay one-fourth of the costs and the prosecutor to pay three-fourths. In the case against the same defendant charging surety of the peace he was discharged.

Joseph Cirano, charged with felonious assault and battery, was found not guilty.

Roland Coates, violating the innkeepers' act, was discharged upon giving bail for his appearance at the next term of court.

Commonwealth vs John Butterfield, charged with selling liquor without a license. The defendant conducts a store on Washington street, Bradford. He has been convicted twice in this county for the same offense. The Commonwealth proved by several witnesses that they had bought liquor from the defendant. Butterfield took the stand in his own behalf and testified that he had not sold any liquor in the last two years but had on different occasions sold and given sweet cider to some of the witnesses. The jury found him guilty. The court sentenced him to pay a fine of $500 and the costs of prosecution, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for a period of three months.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Henry Keggan, charged with assault and battery upon his wife, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the defendant was sentenced to pay a fine of $200, the costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for three months and stand committed till the sentence is complied with.

L. C. Cowles was charged with larceny in stealing a quantity of cloth to be used in papering houses. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and the prosecutor, Hank Hall, to pay the costs.

Stella Paton was charged with selling liquor without a license in the city of Bradford. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and the prosecutor, Grace Edwards, to pay the costs, for the payment of which Grace is now in jail.

G. N. Freeman pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the innkeepers' act in not paying a board bill. Sentence was suspended.

Ella Blockwell was found guilty to selling liquor without a license and was sentenced to pay a fine of $500, costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for three months.

Six Men Jailed.

Detective Conover of the Pennsylvania railroad, Mr. Barnes and Officer Murphy of Port Allegany arrested a gang of alleged tough characters at Port Allegany Tuesday and brought them to jail in Smethport the same afternoon. They gave their names as John O'Brien, aged 45; William Collins, alias "English Billy;" Frank Kirk, aged 50 years; alias Frank Smith; Floyd Berry, aged 59; James Martin, aged 35, and James Gaylor. The men were searched before being incarcerated in the jail and it is said dangerous weapons were found upon them. One account of the matter says that a bottle of nitro glycerine was taken from one of the men. At present they are held under the charge of carrying concealed weapons, but it is suspected that they are the same gang that robbed the postoffice at Keating Summit recently.

Engstrom-Sponburg Nuptials.

Mr. Adolph Engstrom and Miss Ida Mary Sponburg were married at 8 o'clock Saturday evening at the dwelling house, corner East King and Nelson streets, where they will make their future home. Rev. J. L. Turner, pastor of the Swedish Mission church, pronounced the words which made the popular young couple one for life.

The groom is a well known young man of this place who has a host of friends. The bride, also a resident of Smethport, is an attractive young lady, highly esteemed by all who know her. The MINER joins with their numerous friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Engstrom a long and happy wedded life.

"At the Old Cross Roads" at Lyceum Friday, Oct. 21.

If it's anything in hunter's supplies you'll find it here. The largest line of shotguns, rifles and sporting goods in the county. Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

A few days ago as Thos. King of this place was walking on the B. N. & Phila. track from Pattison's Hotel to the Larrabee depot, after dark, he fell into an open culvert, bruising himself considerably. The culvert was four or five feet deep, and having his valise in one hand and a package in the other, he pitched forward, striking his chin on the opposite wall. The shock knocked him nearly senseless, but fortunately he was in company with E. F. Waller, who rendered him all necessary assistance. No serious injuries were sustained other than severe bruises.

Nearly five hundred thousand feet of dressed and undressed lumber passed out of Williamsport Wednesday, March 22, 1876, over one line of railroad, besides several carloads of lath, pickets and shingles. It is estimated that for several days past the shipments from Williamsport alone over both railroad lines have averaged one million feet daily. Should these shipments continue until the first of May the lumberman will experience no trouble in finding piling grounds for next season's sawing.

Mrs. Carl Shurz died Wednesday afternoon, March 15, 1876. She had given birth to a boy on the Sunday previous.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Gifford are entitled to many congratulations upon the addition to their family of a diminutive but active young lady. Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Jennings have been likewise blessed. They seem to be all girls this year. [March 1876.]

Robt. Wolters, whose visit to Philadelphia for the purpose of placing his crippled son under treatment of some eminent surgeons of that city, has returned. He brings a very favorable report. After a thorough examination of the case the Philadelphia surgeons declared the case was curable, and the proper treatment was immediately commenced. The disease is curvature of the spine. Our local physicians had pronounced the case incurable, and Mr. Wolters is naturally very much elated by the result of his trip. We hope it will be demonstrated that our own medical men were mistaken.

The Wright House is now open to the travelling public and the demands of home custom. The house is well built, well furnished, and under the charge of Frank Wright no one can doubt that it will be well kept. It is centrally located, on Main street, and is one of the finest and most imposing buildings in the borough. [March 1876.]

Sarah Doyle, wife of John Mullin of this borough, died Thursday, March 16, 1876. The deceased was born in county Clare, Ireland, in 1832. She has lived in this borough many years, and by the exercise of a pure christian character and the faithful discharge of the duties of a wife and mother, had gained the highest respect and esteem of her neighbors and acquaintances. She had been an invalid many months, and though her recovery was considered doubtful, her death came sudden and unexpected, as it was peaceful and without a murmur. She leaves a family of seven children, the youngest but a few months old, to whom her death is an irreparable loss.

Our citizens were startled Wednesday evening, March 29, 1876, by the tolling of the bell announcing the death of Mr. Ghordis Corwin, one of the oldest citizens of this borough and county. He has been sick a long time and gradually failing, and was prepared and awaiting the summons. He had lived the full measure of three score years and ten, being at the time of his death 74 years of age. The funeral services will take place on Saturday. The friends are requested to meet at the house at 10 a. m. Services at the Baptist church at 11 a. m.

Lieutenant Patrick Kelleher, Co. I, 23th Regt. Inf., U. S. Army, died at Fort Davis, Texas, Sunday afternoon, February 13, 1876, of consumption. He had contracted the disease at Fort Sill about a year before his death, and was finally compelled to succumb to its insidious attacks. He was a McKean county boy, and was the brother of Mrs. Catherine Tretton of Turtle Point, and of Morris Kelleher, who died in this place about five years ago. He entered the volunteer army during the war as hospital steward, and was afterward transferred to the regular army. He afterward competed for an appointment to a vacant Lieutenantship in the regular army, and after a severe examination at West Point, conducted by General Grant and other high officers was given the appointment out of a class of twenty-five competitors. He was buried with military honors.

Mr. G. D. Berry of Bradford was admitted to practice at the McKean county bar at the last term of court. Mr. Berry is a young and promising Pittsburg lawyer who has been settled in Bradford for a few months. He is a perfect gentlemen and thoroughly posted on all legal points likely to arise in an oil territory. [April 1876].

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Price of A Threat

By ALEC BRUCE

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"Marie! You are in trouble, ma'amselle? Your face, it is so white!" whispered Pierrot, stepping noiselessly toward her on the little sawdust circle before the performers' entrance.

"Oui, oui! I—I—am in trouble—grave trouble, Pierrot," she answered brokenly.

"Ah, ma'amselle, and you know not what to do. That is it?" he questioned quickly and inviting confidence with his earnest, searching little eyes. "But, Marie, ma'amselle," he muttered, stepping closer to her, so close that she felt the warmth of his breath on her cheek, "maybe—maybe Pierrot might know—if—if you would tell him, hey?"

"Ah, Pierrot, *non!*" she faltered, covering her face with her hands. "You—you could not, non, you—you"— No other words would come. Her lips quivered. Her eyes filled.

"Marie, Marie," he urged, "maybe I—I—ah, you think not, hey?" And his broad breast swelled within smothered love, a love that had known no utterance, for he was "Pierrot, the fool," a groom. And she? She was "Ma'amselle Mirabeau, premier equestrienne," in Barkalow's big circus ring.

Suddenly ting-ting-ting-ting!

"Ma'amselle, ma'amselle," whispered Pierrot warningly, "the first bell! You hear? Thirty minutes and you go on. Just thirty, Marie!"

But still she did not answer.

"Ah, I am only Pierrot, Pierrot, the fool," he murmured, "and you—you will not tell a fool, ma'amselle. No, no. Why should you?"

"Pierrot!" From her tear dimmed eyes she dropped two small, pink starfish hands and faced him. "Pierrot a fool? You said a fool!" she quavered. "Ah, to ma'amselle you must not say so once again. I know you. A fool? Non, non! You say I will not tell you. I will not trust you, mon ami. Leesten, leesten! That Hercules, the dead weight lifter, bah!" and she shuddered violently. "Again, today, he say, 'Ma'amselle, you will marry me, oui?' Already six times he *hat* said so. Oh, Luln, how persistent! Ah, Pierrot, you do not know. And for answer I say: M'sieur, no—no. No—no—no!' Six times I say so, and of heem I think no more. But today, today, it is different. I am afraid. He look so black, so terrible when he say: 'Ma'amselle, you will marry me. No? Ah, no more trifling, I say, none at all. Gif me your answer. You hat till 7 o'clock tonight; that is all!' And Pierrot, number eight on the programme, out, number eight, tonight's! Look at it, and—and you will understand."

"Number eight, ma'amselle, number eight on the programme, tonight's? I have one somewhere," he mumbled, scrolling doubtfully among the trifled yards of red, white and blue at his pockets. "Ah!" At last with trembling fingers he unfolded the crushed crimson sheet. "Hercules, Hercules, Hercules! The dead weight lifter? To night, tonight, tonight!" it read. "Head downward from a swinging trapeze twenty feet above the circus ring this world-wide champion will dangle in his teeth two pounds of solid steel. Is that all? No! We tell you no! But see for yourselves the most marvelous sight ever saw. From a ring beneath the suspended weight he will hold fast the added burden of our premier equestrienne, and to-ward and forward in midair she will swing and hang until at length she drops, dancing and pirouetting on her galloping steed below."

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" muttered Pierrot when he had read the bill. "I understand, I understand, ma'amselle. Tonight you must answer 'Oui,' or he will drop the dead weight from his teeth when you hang below!"

"Pierrot, Pierrot," she cried, "I cannot, I will not perform tonight! See—see—I tremble; I could not stand; I could not ride Comanche Bill. I must beg off. I am sick. I—I will tell the manager!"

"Ma'amselle! No, no, ma'amselle; one moment, one moment!" cautioned Pierrot, detaining her and pressing his hand against the crimson diamond on his forehead.

"But, Pierrot, Pierrot," she insisted. "I must; I must. I"—

"Non, non, ma'amselle, you must not!" he whispered. "I have it; Pierrot has it!" And again he glanced intently at the programme. "Bien, bien, I have it. In number seven you ride Comanche Bill. Ride him, ma'amselle. Pironette! Jump! Jump through the drum. I hold it, ma'amselle. Look, number seven, Mirabeau on Comanche! Bah, beg off? Non, non; trust Pierrot. Have no fear. You will not swing from Hercules' weight!"

"But, Pierrot, how? How? You must tell me!"

Ting-ling-ting-ling-ling!

"Second bell, ma'amselle," he interrupted, "second bell!" and grasping the curtains, he peered through the faded fringe. "Ah, the tiers, they are black with people—black, ma'amselle! There is no time, no time to tell. Trust Pierrot, trust! Trust!" And in a moment he was gone.

* * * * * * *

Fifteen minutes later, with an angry scowl, Hercules, the dead weight lifter, raised the flap of the manager's tent and entered. "Sir," he announced, "my weight—is my weight! It is stolen. Some prowlers, curse them! T-the last *moment* too!"

"Stolen, stolen!" repeated the manager in his highest key. "By heavens, man, and we have 3,000 unbelievers in that tent all waiting to see your act. We've posted 1,000 bills; we've advertised it for a month. We've—we've—Hercules, what is to be done?"

"Well, sir," growled the champion darkly, "it ain't my fault. No, sir! But there's one way out of it—one way, I think."

"What, why?" snapped the manager.

"It's—it's the papier mache weight, sir; light as a feather. I—I used to practice with it," stammered Hercules. "But they—they wouldn't know it from the real thing, sir; not on your life. Git two of the grooms, Dan'l and Pete, sir; I know 'em well enough. They'll perspire an' purtend a bit when they bring it on. Savez the idee, hey? I reckon you do, sir—ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the manager heartily. "Splendid, Hercules, splendid. I'll write to Barkalow. You get a bonus for this—ha, ha! And we can stave off challenges for one night, eh? Tomorrow we'll invite inspection. Very good, sir, very good, indeed!"

And so it was arranged.

Came 8 o'clock dinging and dying amid railway siding sounds, and six items, like snow in a tropical sun, had melted from Barkalow's big wonder list. Comanche Bill, pink nosed and piebald, with Mirabeau, was prancing around the mammoth ring. Whoop, whoop, whoop, whooplah! Crack! Through ribbon ring after ribbon ring the ma'amselle jumped, landing always fair and dancing on her plush platform saddle. Suddenly whoop, whoop, swish! A tissue drum went into shreds, and Pierrot stepped down from his pedestal and looked proudly at the lady. "Hurrah, hurrah!" The audience cheered and clapped their hands. "Well done, well done!"

But now it was number eight on the programme, and all eyes were focused on the performers' entrance.

"Hercules, Hercules!" The excited whisper gathered force and chased along and up and down the tiers. Jauntily the manager advanced and made a brief announcement. Two blue coated, quick-action grooms spread out a brilliant carpet star, and two others, red faced and with straining arms and shoulders doubled over, brought on the plaything of the giant.

"Ha!" In a moment he was there before them, smiling and bowing, a spangled vision in scarlet and gold, a *miracle of physical strength* and bigness. He stretched out his long right arm, his left, too, and the muscles of them rose up like plaited whipcords. Then he breathed, and every man breathed with him. He broke a poker across his thigh, and the cheers rang wild and deafening. He looked at the weight, at the trapeze above, at ma'amselle with critical eye, and again the audience cheered. If before they had doubted the claims in number eight, it was evident now that they believed.

Mirabeau? White as chalk beneath her mask, she held her breath and glared from her steed at Pierrot. And Pierrot? Eyes bulging outward, he transfixed the little trapdoor in the belting below the orchestra stand.

Suddenly the giant stepped before the weight and faced the high priced seats. Above his head he raised his hands. "Once, twice, thrice!" On the third call he would swing and grasp and juggle with the dead weight as with a toy.

Click! Click!

Pierrot, and only Pierrot, heard it. The violins and the flutes were murdering sound, and the clown's heart thumped his chest like a drumstick beating the time.

Click! Click!

Up went the trapdoor, and a boy, a very little boy, hatless, but with a sun crisped thatch of curly hair, struggled through the ring. For a moment he hesitated, blinking his big blue eyes in the glare of light; then quick as a flash he was over on the big carpet star.

"Pierrot, Pierrot," breathed ma'amselle, squeezing the cold fingers resting on her saddle.

"Once, twice—once, twice—whoop-lah!" shouted Hercules, bending swiftly and throwing his mighty arms between his legs.

But the boy was first. In his tiny hand he grasped the weight and, hoisting it to his shoulder shoulder, sped with it like a startled hare across the ring and out through the quivering curtain.

"Ah, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" It was one brief trickle of laughter accentuating the intense silence that followed, for in the thrill of a flute it all happened, and no one had attempted to stop him.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Now, all together!" commanded the leader of the orchestra, coming gallantly to the rescue, and a bunch of mandolins and violins ripped the air. But music had no charms for the outraged audience, and at last the storm broke. Loud, long and deep voiced it raged—ribald laughter, shrill jeers, dark threats and hisses like the angry exhaust of steam.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!"—

In vain did the manager attempt to stem the avalanche, but like a sick man's whisper against a battery cannonade his explanations and apologies melted on soundless lips.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, one minute, and I will explain, I"—

"Ye's can't do it!" Ye's can't do it!" piped a thin, querulous voice.

"Tricksters! Swindlers! Money back! Money back! Boo for Barkalow!" chorused the galleries.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I must tell you—I must tell you"—

"Tell nuthin', nuthin' at all!" volley of the leaders. "Square the deal at number eight or screw out yer lights!"

"Gentlemen, order, order!"

"Hiss, hiss, hiss-s-s-s! Square the deal at number eight!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen"—

"Hiss, hiss, hiss-s-s"—

And in the ticket office a few minutes later, though he knew it not, the manager was paying back the fabulous price of a threat.

The Suit Didn't Suit.

"Are you sure that my daughter favors your suit?"

"Well, no, she doesn't. But I promised I'd go to another tailor as soon as I fixed things with you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Must Be Very Good.

Jenny—Papa, cook must be very good. Papa—Why, my dear? Jenny—Because in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and cook says she has lived out all her life.

An acre of coal fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year.

HAVE YOU A HOBBY?

In Especial Fad Is Said to Be Good For Mind and Body.

The best thing in the world for nerves is sleep, the next proper food, the third proper dress. But as good as any one of these is a hobby.

How often does one hear the expression, "Oh, that is So-and-So's hobby," spoken rather disparagingly. It is the tendency of the average mind to regard a person who has a pronounced enthusiasm as a species of harmless lunatic rather to be pitied. The truth of the matter is that any one who has any especial fad is greatly to be envied, as it probably provides more interest and amusement for its possessor than anything else. Any decided interest in life, whether it is dignified by the name of an occupation or is simply an enthusiasm or even mentioned slightingly as a fad, is eminently desirable.

"I have never seen a genuine collector that is not happy when he is allowed by circumstances to gratify his tastes," remarked a student of human nature, "and a bent in that direction should always be encouraged. It is a curious phase of our humanity that we will work diligently to make provision for our material needs when we are old and quite neglect to store up mental resources that will interest and amuse us, and if we are called hence."

Hobbies help one to forget sorrow and give us pleasure in the present. They are among the best things in life—promoters of health, peace and happiness.—New York Tribune.

A PIRATE AMONG PLANTS.

Wild Fig of Mexico Choked to Death the Peaceful Palm.

Among all the forms of vegetable life in the Mexican tropics the wild fig trees are the most remarkable. Some of them show such apparent intelligence in their readiness to meet emergencies that it is difficult not to credit them with powers of volition.

In the tropics, where the wild figs flourish, there is a constant struggle for life among numberless species of plants. Certain of the wild figs appear to have learned this and provide a fruit which is a favorite food for many birds. Then an occasional seed is dropped by a bird where it finds lodgment in the axil of a palm frond high in the air.

There the seed takes root and is nourished by the little accumulation of dust and vegetable matter. It sends forth an aerial root which creeps down the palm, sometimes coiling about the trunk on its way. When this slender, cordlike rootlet reaches the ground it secures foothold and becomes the future trunk of the fig tree.

After the descending rootlet has secured itself in the ground a branch bearing a few leaves springs from the seed in the palm top, and a vigorous growth begins. Then the fig gradually enlarges and incloses the supporting palm trunk until the latter is completely shut in the heart of its foster child and eventually strangled.—Geographic Magazine.

Melons and Snuff.

Of that great lady, Charlotte of Bavaria, the Marquise of Crequy, in her memoirs says: "The diet of this illustrious person was largely composed of salt beef and soup made of beer; also a certain horrible ragout of fermented cabbage which made the whole castle stink when she partook of it. She called it 'Schamernout,' and she used to compel her guests to eat it. Indeed she made a sort of *partiality* perseveration of it, so that every one tried to evade her dinners. She would eat the most horrible messes—prunes and pears cooked with lard and onions. Salads made of raw herrings and apples soaked in oil and mustard, pasties of otters' flesh and snails. She powdered her melon with Scotch snuff."

A Strict Old Lady.

A certain noble family in Scotland adopted the Episcopalian faith and carried out its ideas regardless of expense. On the first introduction of the full choir service into the local church the great lady, who had been active in the work, was anxious that a favorite woman servant of hers—a Presbyterian of the old school—should have an opportunity of hearing the service. Accordingly she took her down to church in the carriage and on returning asked the old woman what she thought of the music. "Oh, it's very showy, but, oh, my leddy, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath!"

Queer Shuffboxes.

In the days when a [illegible] considered a necessary attribute to perquisites of a beau or a belle much ingenuity was brought to bear upon the manufacture of these dainty trifles. The results were often very novel. Those with a taste for the morbid could buy boxes made from the wood of scaffolds, chairs that murderers had sat upon or parts of their houses.

Encouraging Him.

"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think that I have experienced every kind of misfortune except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," rejoined the optimist. "It is always desirable, you know, to remember the old adage, 'While there's life there's hope.'"

A Part Never In the Whole.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake."

"What is it?"

"Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

Better be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.—Plato.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

LINCOLN TO YOUNG MEN.

He Urged Them to Bear Their Share In Political Life.

Abraham Lincoln's belief that young men should get up and show what they can do, without waiting to be sought out by older folk, is set forth in the following letter written to William H. Herndon, then at Washington, under date of June 22, 1848:

As to young men. You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do you suppose that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men? You young men get together and form a "Rough and Ready club" and have regular meetings and speeches.

Take in everybody you can get. Harrison Grimsley, L. A. Enos, Lee Kimball and C. W. Matheny will do to begin the thing, but as you go along gather up all the shrewd, wild boys about town, whether just of age or a little under age—Chris Logan, Reddick Ridgely, Lewis Zwitzler and hundreds such. Let every one play the part he can play best, some speak, some sing and all "holler."

Your meetings will be of evenings; the older men and the women will go to hear you, so that it will not only contribute to the election of "Old Zach," but will be an interesting pastime and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged. Don't fail to do this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MUSHROOMS ON TREES.

The Method by Which They Are Cultivated in Japan.

Mushrooms [illegible] are quite an important article of food in Japan. [illegible] where much supplies is produced. The chief centre of mushroom [illegible] is in the extreme [illegible] with caves at intervals of [illegible] in rock. The trees are cut in [illegible] logs four or five feet long and set in dark, secluded parts of the [illegible].

After three years mycelium [illegible] their appearance in the [illegible] tions, and when the crop shows signs of growing thin fresh logs are prepared. These mushrooms will grow in every season of the year, but in winter and spring artificial stimulus is needed, which is supplied by steeping the logs in water and striking them with mallets or axes to prepare the beds and facilitate the growth. The autumn crop is the largest. The mushrooms, after being covered [illegible] dried by the sun or by artificial heat.

Picturesque Padua.

Padua, in spite of its flat surroundings, is one of the most picturesque cities of upper Italy. And the [illegible] after gardens will find many charming bits along the narrow canals or by the sluggish river skirting the city walls. Indeed one might almost include in a study of gardens the beautiful Prato della Valle, the public square before the Church of St. Antonio, with its encircling canal, crossing by curious bridges, its range of baroque statues of "worthies" and its central expanse of turf and trees. There is no other example in Italy of a square [illegible] in this park [illegible] Prato della Valle would form an admirable model for the treatment of such a space in a modern city.—Century.

RHEUMATISM CURED.
A Pennsylvania Man has no more use for Canes.
Mr. O. D. Culver, of Silvara, Pa., writes: "I am 75 years of age. For 25 years I suffered from a lame back and rheumatism. Last summer (in 1903) it settled in the muscles of my limbs, so I had to use two canes to get up or down, or to walk a step. I have doctored all the time, but to no avail. I began the faithful use of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. David Kennedy's new medicine, and the results are wonderful. I have no backache now, and I feel first class. I can't praise Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, too much." All druggists, $1.00.

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Established 1865.
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

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to buy a nice, sweet
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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
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in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
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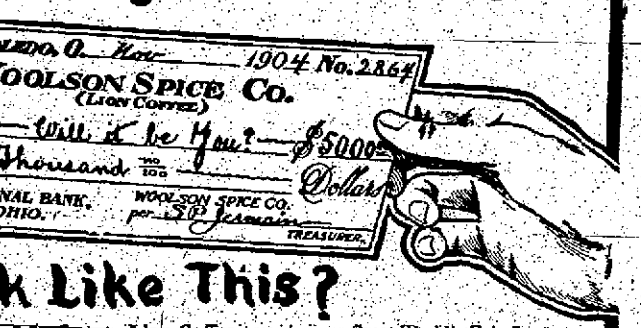
How Would You Like a Check Like This?

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Pay to the order of —Will it be You?— $5000
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TREASURER.
We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the
Presidential Vote Contest
Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?
In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1901, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:
Grand First Prize of $5,000.00
will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.
We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
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2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
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How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?
Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*
WE GIVE BOTH! FREE! PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES
Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of
LION COFFEE
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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

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M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

The distracting headaches from which so many women suffer make life a daily purgatory. If men suffered with headache as women do, business would be almost at a standstill. Does not the fact that women only suffer from these severe headaches suggest that there must be a womanly cause for them?

When the womanly organism is diseased, headache, backache, nervousness and sleeplessness are consequences which are sure to follow.

$500 Reward for Women Who Cannot be Cured.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I took two bottles of your Favorite Prescription, and two of the Golden Medical Discovery and am feeling well," writes Mrs. Dan McKenzie, of Lorway Mines, Cape Breton Co., Nova Scotia. "I had uterine trouble, pain in the side and headache. After taking your medicines I got well. You may publish this or use it in any way you think best, as I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Has a new and up-to-date line of

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of all the leading makes and the prices are right, too.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Glasses, Butter Crocks, etc.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 13, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Vote the Republican ticket.

—Read the new advertisement of E. W. Strong.

—Bell Brothers' advertisement this week is interesting.

—Attend the Republican mass meeting to-morrow night.

—Ladies will be interested in the new advertisement of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

—Two long switches are being put in on the Shawmut railroad west of town.

—Be careful where and how you shoot Saturday, for the woods will be full of hunters.

—Guns, ammunition and hunters' supplies are advertised by Redfield's Hardware this week.

—Mrs. C. L. Willey entertained a number of friends at cards at her home on King street Tuesday evening.

—A new bleacher is to be added to the Johnsonburg paper mill at a cost of $150,000. Ground has been broken for the new building.

—Counterfeit silver dollars of the date of 1891 are in circulation and the public is warned to be on the lookout for them, says an exchange.

—The Port Allegany Fish and Game Club will prosecute all violations of the game laws under its notice, most especially that of Sunday hunting.

—There are four cases of scarlet fever in Port Allegany at the present time. The houses in which the disease has appeared are under strict quarantine and it is hoped that an epidemic will be prevented.

—Both the Camp and Smethport window glass houses will commence blowing glass Saturday morning. These factories will give employment to about 300 men at good wages and Smethport will be lively again.

—Thomas O'Rourke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. O'Rourke of the Arlington Cafe, was injured about 6 o'clock last evening by falling from a derrick on the Smethport road, where he was employed as driller.—Friday's Kane Republican.

—The automobile record between Chicago and New York was broken last week by Bert Holcomb and Harry Sandell. The run was made in 58 hours and 5 minutes elapsed time and 51 hours and 5 minutes corrected time. Exactly 8 hours and 58 minutes was clipped from the best previous record.

Hindoo and Irish Bulls.

A correspondent of an Indian board a very mutinous Hindoo police khansaman the other day. "When I went into the house I saw four dead bodies. One of them was carried away alive."

"Then you saw three dead bodies and not four?" I queried.

"No, sir," was the reply, emphatically and repentingly given. "I saw four dead bodies. The one taken away alive turned out to be dead."

"What does he mean?" I asked of his European superior, an Irishman.

"He means," was the reply, "that the dead man the widow was carried away dead, so says he was alive when he was carried away."

And another story comes to us from the east. There is an orphanage at Dundalk. A gentleman undertook a feast for the little inmates, one of whom was observed to be stuffing his pocket with cake. "Why don't you eat it?" said the kind donor. Quoth the orphan, "I'm keeping it till my parents come to see me." It used to be said that bulls were an Irish specialty. But then, the learned are forever pointing out the oriental cast of Irish thought.—Westminster Gazette.

Vest and the Yellowstone.

A string of jack snipe was responsible for the founding of Yellowstone park, says a St. Joseph (Mo.) communication to the Galveston News. The snipes were carried into a hotel in St. Joseph one night in 1878 by W. C. Fredericks and attracted the attention of George Graham Vest, late United States senator. The jack snipes answered the purpose of an introduction, and the two men were soon on friendly terms. Fredericks, who had been all over the west, began telling Vest, who was a sportsman, of the wonderful country in Montana and other states. Vest later joined a party in Omaha and inspected the country of which Fredericks had told him. When he became a senator one of the first things he did was to introduce a bill setting aside the Yellowstone district as a national park.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend my supper last night. It would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam. I have just prescribed for three of the guests."

His Punishment.

The Solicitor—Don't you think $10,000 cash would be punishment enough for his breach of promise? The Aggrieved One—No, indeed! I want him to marry me!—Chicago Journal.

English in England.

Parlor Maid (correcting the pronunciation of the page)—Don't say "ax," you vulgar boy; say "hask."—London Tit-Bits.

Singing Fish.

The sclevia, a little six inch chub variety of the lagoons of Italy, sticks its head above the water and sings a dainty song equal to that of some species of warbling birds. Trigla hirundo (the sea swallow) is known to every fisherman of the Danube and the Rhine by the peculiar grunting noise it makes. Trigla nolitans makes a whining noise like a puppy, while the sclevia gather in bands to hold regular concerts, which no doubt originated the fable of the sirens. Some naturalists have likened the note of the gurnard to that of the cuckoo. There are many different kinds of fish which give utterance to more or less musical notes. The maigre, a large sea fish, when swimming in shoals, utters a purring noise that may be heard from a depth of twenty fathoms. Lieutenant White, in his "Voyage to the China Seas," relates that his crew and himself were extremely astonished by hearing certain musical notes from beneath and around the vessel. They were various, like the bass notes of an organ, the sound of bells, the croaking of frogs and a pervading twang which the imagination might have attributed to the vibrations of some enormous harp. For a time the mysterious music swelled upon them and finally formed a universal chorus all round, but as the vessel ascended the river the sounds diminished in strength and soon ceased.—Land Magazine.

Real Turkish Coffee.

Here is a Turkish receipt for making Turkish coffee obtained in the Syrian quarter of New York, where the finest coffee in the world is sold at 5 cents a cup in restaurants which are exact duplicates of those in Smyrna and Beirut:

Put three lumps of sugar into a little pot, turn in the water and bring it to a boil. Then put in two teaspoonfuls of very finely ground Mocha coffee. As soon as the froth rises lift the pot and tap the bottom until the froth disappears. Do this three times. Then turn the coffee into delicate china cups, giving each cupful a share of froth.

The coffee should be freshly roasted and ground, and the grounds should be so fine as to pass the palate unnoticed. Turks always drink the grounds, considering them, indeed, to be the best part of a cup of coffee.

Society Enemies.

A leader of New York society said recently: "It is almost impossible to give a large dinner any more. There are too many feuds and quarrels, and women who hate each other are the cause of too much embarrassment to a hostess. Of course they try to gloss their enmity for the time, but the result is worse than open warfare. At one dinner a cabinet officer sat between two great women of fashion. He talked to one and then to the other and tried to draw them into a three cornered conversation. The women obstinately refused to exchange a word, and finally the man—and he was supposed to be a diplomat—introduced them. A chill followed. They had known each other for twenty years, had been friends for ten and loathed each other the other ten."

Three Black Fridays.

The American Black Friday was Sept. 24, 1869, when Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., attempted to create a corner on the gold market. The whole country was in a ferment for several days, but the day was saved by the report that Secretary Boutwell had thrown $4,000,000 on the market. The English Black Fridays are two—one the the Friday on which the news reached London that the young pretender Charles Edward had arrived at Derby, the second May 11, 1866, when the failure of Overend, Guerney & Co., London, the day before was followed by willespread financial ruin.

English Fish Farms.

It is worth noting that there are almost no instances where fish ponds have been started and carefully managed where they have not proved a financial success. Such a thing as a "dcrellet" fish farm is almost unknown, though there are thousands of old fashioned ponds originally meant to hold tench or carp, which are at present useless and neglected.—London Country Gentleman.

Complimented.

Thingumbob—My wife has got into some sort of scrap with the neighbors, and I can't tell whether she's in the right or not. McJigger—That ought to be easily determined; there are two sides to a quarrel always— Thingumbob—Two sides? Huh, there are about a dozen sides to this quarrel.—Exchange.

Pretty Cheap.

"Smithers says he lights one cigar from another now, he smokes so much."

"I don't wonder, considering the kind of cigar he smokes."

"Why?"

"Matches would cost more."—Modern Society.

A Safe Rule.

When a man approaches you with a dead open and shut easy money proposition tell him gently that you are a charitable person and that out of the goodness of your heart you will let him keep the bonanza all for his very own.—Berkshire Eagle.

Caution.

Never give more than $5 to a fortune teller; otherwise you would get such good prognostications that you would not be able to sleep overnight, and you might have to go hungry the next day.—Illinois State Journal.

People ruled by the mood of gloom attract to them gloomy things.

Duff's College

Gives a Broad-Winning Education — Educating Pennsylvania men and women to meet the demand of this progressive business-like age. For illustrated catalogue address P. DUFF & SONS, 6th St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

Curious Flowers.

The Brazilian flower known as the running antelope is so called because its white petals have a series of well defined, dark colored lines and dots in which the imagination can readily trace the form of an antelope, with its limbs outstretched and head thrown back, seemingly fleeing for its life. In the "caricature plant" one species has the imitative form on the petals, and another has it outlined in the ribs and shading of the leaves.

The last mentioned curiosity bears a remarkably well executed likeness of the Duke of Wellington and has on that account been named "Arthur and His Nose." Among the orchids the imitative form is entirely different in character, being exhibited in the shape of the flower itself. Some are exact counterfeits of bees, butterflies, moths, etc., while others take upon themselves the form of worms and beetles. Naturalists believe that in the first instance it is nature's trap to lure other bees, moths and butterflies, but in the case of the worm and the beetle, orchids of those that are the exact counterparts of toads, lizards and huge spiders, they do not attempt to explain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recreations of Cabinet Statesmen.

It is probable that the recreations of the cabinet ministers of the present time when on vacation are, however frivolous, slightly dissimilar from those of their eighteenth century predecessors. Fox, for instance, spent a morning in Bond street counting cats against the Prince of Wales, and as he chose the sunny side of the street he saw addition to the Prince's one and won the game. Lord Oxford, too, riding in his coach with Swift, used to count pottery with him all the way up to town, and whoever counted thirty-one first or saw a cat or an old woman was the winner. Lord Bolingbroke, joining them one day for the purpose of discussing European affairs was at once interrupted by Oxford's saying, "Swift, I'm up, there's a cat!" and left them in disgust. As Swift wrote: "Such little often entertains my lord and me as far as Staines."—London Chronicle.

Dressmakers on the Street.

An odd fact about dressmakers is that nearly all of them have the same fault—on the street they cut their friends. A noted dressmaker said in explanation of this fact: "The street is to us dressmakers what a picture gallery is to artists—a grand storehouse of ideas. On the street we are always on the lookout for new fashions, and from the neck down we study every person that passes, for from one we may get a new skirt pattern, from another a new sleeve, from a third a new collar and so on. We are never busier than when on the street; our eyes are never more alert, but they don't reach up to the face level; they can't spare the time from their study of dresses to go any higher than the neck. And hence on the street we cut impartially our mothers, our sisters, our best friends."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Blood of Men and Apes.

Between the blood of men and apes there are many points of similarity and evidences of a distinct relationship, but the blood of monkeys can readily be distinguished from that of men. The difference is more or less marked, according to the species, the greatest resemblance being seen in the case of the gorilla and the least with the lemurs, a small species about the size of a cat and having a face somewhat like a fox. A singular fact is that, judged by the blood, there is less evidence of relationship found in the American families of apes than in those of the old world.—Harper's Weekly.

Ostriches In Harness.

There are several instances on record where in South Africa the white master or black servant has trained one or more ostriches to harness and has driven them regularly in a light trap or even ridden them like a horse. It need hardly be said that ostriches are extremely swift when used in such a way and can cover a tremendous number of miles a day if not given too heavy a load. They have even been known to show real signs of enjoyment and pleasure at being in harness, and certainly they go to work with a will when thoroughly trained in this manner.

India Sewing Man.

Sewing is a masculine occupation in India, and the derzie, or sewing man, is a past master in his art up to a certain point. He is possessed of little initiative, but is a wonderful imitator, besides being an exquisite needleman, and from a riding habit to a pretty blouse or frock he can copy almost anything in reason, rising to the high water mark of triumphant achievement in such garments as require minute stitchery and clever broderie.

Badly Expressed.

The orator of the corner store was giving forth his views of a popular congressman whose death had been chronicled in the evening paper. "I tell you," he said gloomily, "he's going to be a loss to all that have known him or known of him. He has died, as he has lived, unanimously regretted."

Enlightened.

"Auntie, do you always say expire?"

"Why do you ask, dear?"

"Oh, just because papa said you were one of those people who never say die."

A Certainty.

Caller—I am so sorry your mistress is out. Do you think she will be at home this evening? Maid—She'll have to be; it's my night out.

Injury revolts, while irony makes one reflect, and gayety disarms.—Voltaire.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Faithful to Orders.

Scottish highland retainers, when made to do duty as servants, are said to show a very odd, matter of fact kind of obedience. A Mr. Campbell, a highland gentleman visiting a country house, told Donald to bring everything out of the bedroom, meaning his personal belongings. But five minutes later he found all its movable articles—fender, fire irons and the like—piled up in the lobby, so literal was the poor man's sense of obedience to orders. And of this he gave a still more extraordinary proof during his sojourn in Edinburgh. When the family moved into a house there Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining they were to be shown into the drawing room and using the Scotticism, "Carry any ladies that call upstairs." The first visitors were two women who came at the same time. Donald seized one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there till I come for ye," and in spite of her struggles and remonstrances ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence.

Locusts That Bring Terror.

In South Africa locusts are not those solitary green insects that crawl lazily over the alpine tree trunks and chirrup the July nights with the buzz of their Lilliputian sawmills. They are big, red-dish yellow grasshoppers, with long, strong, brown wings and two little millstones of teeth that will masticate anything that can be forced between them. They are neither solitary nor lazy. They are warriors, live and breed in camps millions strong and campaign in armies miles in extent. They fear nothing except an explosive noise, and their coming is the signal for an uproarious rattling of pans and a frenzied yelling among grown men and women that would put to shame the Yankee small boy on the Fourth of July. Poor, simple people that they are, their crops are their all, and it is a matter of life and death with them to keep off those terrible insects.—Century.

Would Be Quite Up to Date.

Waiter—What style will you have your eggs, madam? Mrs. Parvenu—The latest style of course! New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There is "a time to keep silence and a time to speak." Never is this truer than when we are in the presence of those who sorrow.

The finest human hair is golden, and red is the coarsest.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1oo per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 18, 1904.

Republican Ticket.

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
of New York.

For Vice President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
of Indiana.

For Supreme Court Judge,
JOHN P. ELKIN.

For Representative in Congress,
S. R. THOMSON.

For State Senator,
MYRON MAYSON.

For Assemblymen,
J. M. M'ENROY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

For County Treasurer,
S. D. WEAVER.

For Coroner,
DR. B. H. HALL.

JUDGE PARKER has made another statement that he will not take the stump in his own behalf. This statement is said to be final.

THE Coudersport Enterprise says: Will some kind gentleman come into the Enterprise and tell us one single good thing the Democratic party has done for fifty years, and take our fifty dollars. The offer is a permanent one. Come all at once. Don't make any effort to avoid the rush. Everybody welcome.

This Democratic press, which is so repeatedly calling attention to the fact that Republican expenditures have increased from administration to administration, might spend a little time to advantage in explaining why the expenditures during Cleveland's second administration were so much greater than during his first term, even reckoned on a per capita basis, says the Port Allegany Argus.

A GREAT many young men in this county will cast their first vote, especially for a President of the United States, this fall. They should carefully study the situation before deciding with what party they will affiliate themselves. They should not allow prejudice or the fact that their fathers and grandfathers voted a certain ticket to decide for them in this matter, it is a too important question and the policies of some parties have changed too radically in the past few years. Take the Democracy for instance. In the days when your forefathers learned to love that party, when such men as Jackson and Jefferson were its leaders, Democracy stood for many good and noble principles, but Democracy has been gradually crowded back by the broad sensible doctrines of Republicanism until all but its name has been lost in the rapid advance of progress. Fifty years ago the Republican party was born and it has never taken a backward step since its birth and today is in its strongest manhood while the Democratic party is tottering on the brink of the grave and it is only a matter of a very short time when it will pass out of sight and memory. The great number of the most intelligent Democrats who have deserted the Democratic ranks and espoused Republicanism should be an important object lesson to the young men who are about to affiliate themselves with one or the other party, and there are many Democrats who would do likewise were it not for the dread of being called a "flopper." Join the right party in the start so that you may always feel satisfied with yourself without the embarrassment of being called a "flopper."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 8, 1904.

Yesterday thousands of people assembled inside and outside of St. John's Episcopal church, in this city, to attend the funeral of Postmaster General Payne. The streets were blocked for a long distance around Lafayette Square and the Arlington Hotel. The services began at 11 o'clock, and continued for one half hour. Among those in the audience were the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, dressed in black; Admiral Dewey, the Chinese and Japanese ministers, the General of the Army, Gen. Black and wife, Mr. Justice Harlan and Mr. Justice Brown of the Supreme Court with his bride, and many other officials, together with such of the Cabinet officers as are in the town. The display of flowers was very elaborate. When the casket was taken to the depot the hearse was proceeded by 200 letter carriers who marched four file front. A few carriages followed filled with members of the family and pallbearers. The President looked in the best of health and spirits. Those nearest to him say he is very optimistic regarding the political situation. Mr. Cortelyou came on from New York to attend the funeral. Afterwards he went to the White House. As he was about to leave he said: "Mr. President I believe you will win, and you will win without a promise, express or implied, having been given a corporation, interest or individual in exchange for support." This is taken to be an answer to a lengthy attack recently made upon the President by a New York daily paper. A few days ago a delegation of Philadelphia citizens, headed by Senator Penrose, called upon the President to ask him to revoke a recent order from the War Department, which would take work away from some 3,000 widows and wives of old soldiers and give it to contractors. It seems the War office wants 55,000 pairs of dress trousers and sought the cheapest contractor, regardless of the fact that heretofore these women have done the work. The President immediately cancelled the order and dictated a letter of inquiry to the Secretary of War, asking why it was issued. He promised that an investigation shall be made. The seamstresses were delighted with their reception, and will hold a thank-offering meeting in Philadelphia.

Senator Foraker has been in town, and assures the President that in his opinion Indiana, Wisconsin and Nebraska will give Republican pluralities.

Comptroller Ridgely of the Treasury Department would like to devise a scheme of bank examination which would be absolutely insect tight. He says this in face of the fact that recently in Grinnell, Iowa, an institution was wrecked by the successful substitution of forged paper right in the face of an examination by bank examiner Shaw. The bank showed no trace of misappropriation, and as Mr. Shaw has some two hundred or more banks to examine, he cannot stop to verify all the paper which passes through his hands. Mr. Ridgely is decidedly of opinion that the directorate of each individual bank should exercise such scrutiny over its internal affairs as to make forged paper impossible. Fifty years ago banks suffered robbery in numerous instances from expert cracksmen. Owing to modern safeguards their occupation is now lost. The problem now is how to protect a bank's funds from those inside the bank.

The old naval observatory, which stands upon a beautiful elevation in the southwestern part of this city, has for the past ten years been used for the Hygienic Museum. There is now being held within its ample walls a free school for naval surgeons. There are some 25 pupils in attendance from different states, all of whom have received the degree of M. D. from a medical college, but who will remain here for six months of hard study to fit themselves for duty on board warships. Lectures are given each day from 9 o'clock until 4:30 p. m. with half an hour for luncheon. Your correspondent had a pleasant interview with Medical Director Marmion a day or two ago, and learned that there are more vacancies in the navy for surgeons than there are applicants. At this school the men are taught the use of the compass, the barometer, signalling, fencing, the broad sword, and as soon as a tank is provided swimming will be added to the list of accomplishments. The object of the school is to make the men familiar with conditions on ship board, besides supplementing their education where there is need of it. By the first of next January there will be some forty vacancies in the navy to be filled by medical men so there is room for fifteen more men.

The report widely published in Democratic papers that a young engineer had recently made a discovery on the Isthmus of Panama which all the celebrated French and American engineers had failed to do, to the effect that the Chargres river can be diverted from its present course to the Pacific, and thus permit the building of a sea level canal, proves to be misleading in some of the statements made. The matter was considered long ago by the Canal Commission here in Washington, and the route marked out on the map over which it was supposed the river might be made to flow. Three or four young men were sent to the canal zone to examine this line and report. They did so, and the Secretary of the Commission said to your correspondent yesterday, "they deserve credit for obeying orders." It is possible to divert the river; it remains to be decided whether it is practicable to do so. The Canal Commissioners held a session on Thursday, but did not reach a conclusion on this point.

The Old Boys' Club, just organized in this city, of which President Roosevelt has been elected a member, is a Republican organization, the object of which is to use all lawful means in its power to assist in the election of a Republican President of the United States next November, and to secure to the American people "the greatest good to the greatest number." There are no fees, which is remarkable. The organization is composed of men who voted for Fremont or Lincoln. It is the purpose of the club to reach every community in the United States. Those who wish can wear a Fremont and Lincoln button. The club motto is: "A party fit to govern must have convictions."

The Postoffice Department in this city is weeding out as fast as possible concerns which make use of the mails. The President has appointed Mr. R. J. Wynne to be acting postmaster general for the next thirty days, which is as long as the law allows. Mr. Wynne has issued a fraud order against Thomas A. Edison, Jr., Chemical Co., of New York, at the request of the elder Edison. This company advertised a "vitalizer" which it sold for $8. It consisted of a piece of blotting paper dipped in acid solution and placed between two sheets of copper. It was a "cure all." The only connection young Edison had with it was to allow the use of his name for $25 a week.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

MILLINERY, CLOAKS, SUITS, FURS.

To the best of our recollections, we have never shown such a vast variety of beautiful hats and garments as we now have on sale, every correct fall and winter style is represented, giving you an assortment not equalled in Southwestern New York. A special display of fine hand made hats from our own work rooms. A kind that you will pronounce gems.

$5.00, $7.00 and $8.00. Coats $5.00 to $40.00.
Suits $10.00 to $87.50. Costumes $18.00 to $50.00.
Furs $3.95 to $90.00.
Special inducements to out-of-town customers.

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS.

You expect something extra from our Dress Goods and Silk Department, past experience has taught you that, and you will not be disappointed this season, our great variety and low prices will easily surpass any of our best efforts of the past. Samples will gladly be sent upon request Haskell's famous black silks are on sale at this store, only in Olean.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

MRS. M. L. BISETT'S STORE.

Special Opening
Monday, Oct. 17th

NEW FALL TAILOR MADE

SUITS and JACKETS

I will show a full line of all the latest styles of

LADIES' MAN-TAILORED SUITS and COATS.

ALSO A FINE LINE OF NEW FURS.

Monday--One Day Only.

Bell 'Phone.

M. L. BISETT,

THE CITY STORE.

YOUR CREDIT

Pickering's

COR. TENTH ST. AND PEN. AVE. PITTSBURG

PICKERING'S WIDE OPEN

THIS IS TRULY PITTSBURG'S WIDE OPEN HOUSE

As far as you are concerned. You are welcome any time, the latch is untied and we will be glad to take your good money in exchange for the Wares on show. You are welcome at Pickering's, and we feel no compunction at separating you from your loose change, because we are conscious of being able to give you in exchange therefor the sort of merchandise you will be proud to own. We insist on having an easy conscience. In arranging our Fall display, which, by the way, is the largest we have ever gotten together, we decided to make it a collection of special lines, individually selected at the factories, and get away from the commonplace and out of the rut. That's why we are so persistent in "rubbing it in."

We want you to know that if you are a reader of this journal—that we are satisfied to give you all the credit you want. We will try to please you, knowing that a well-pleased customer always pays his bills.

That's Where We Stand in the Matter

Don't Bother About Money, Your Credit's Good Cor. Ten'th & Pen. PITTSBURG

If you live out of town we will trust you and pay the freight. Write for Catalogue. If you pay cash we will allow 10 per cent. discount from marked prices.

Please Mention this Paper.

FALL STYLES.

Our elaborate line of Fall Goods are now on display and everything is up-to-date and stylish.

You will find a large and beautiful assortment of trimmed hats new ready-to-wears and all the latest novelties in millinery.

Also showing a new line of ladies and children's cloaks and the latest in furs.

Our styles have merit for all. Artistic styles; good quality and moderate prices.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

OCTOBER

is pretty well advanced. Our crop of FALL SUITS is the finest in our history. The richest plums drop first.

Get the New Fall Suit Now

There is a dash and style about our garments that appeals to every man who enjoys the appearance of success. And the appearance of success often leads it.

We believe we have the best $10 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $12 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $15 SUIT in town.

Come and see if you don't believe as we do.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over.

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

October 4, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

A DOLLAR IN YOUR POCKET.

ONE WEEK SHOE SALE

OCT. 15th to 22nd, inclusive.

In order to make room for our Big Winter Stock of Shoes, which has just arrived, we close out all broken lots. We must have this space, so here's an opportunity to save on your Winter Shoes. $1.00 off on every pair of shoes included in this sale.

MEN'S SHOES.

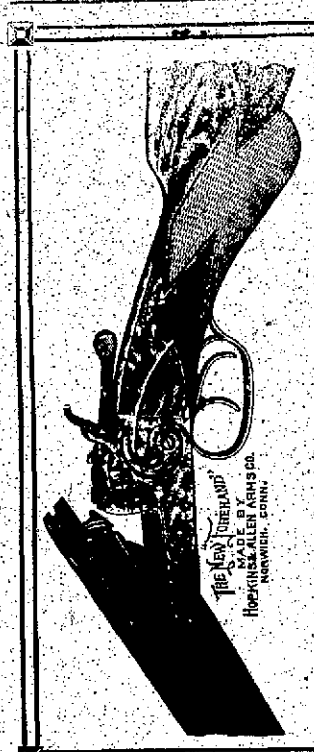
94 pairs of Men's Shoes. All good makes and of the latest styles in Patent Colt, Patent Kid, Vici Kid and Velours and Box Calf. Prices $3.00 to $5.00. For this Sale $1.00 off.

LADIES' SHOES.

36 pairs Queen Quality Shoes in Plain Kid, Kid with Patent Tip, either in Lace or Button. These Shoes were never sold for less than $3.00, but we need the space so they go. During this sale only ..... $1.98 pair.

Sole Agency for Doris, Queen Quality and Packard Shoes.

The Lindholm Company



The Hunting Season is On.

Let Redfield Supply Your Wants This Fall.

We have a very complete line of Single and Double Barrel Shot Guns, Winchester 10, 12 and 16 gauge shells (loaded with Black or Smokeless Powder), Leggins, Belts, Vests, Coats, etc.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 13, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the mass meeting.

—Glassworkers are gathering in town rapidly.

—Attend the Republican meeting at the court house to-morrow night.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Picnic Club on Wednesday of last week.

—A one week shoe sale is being advertised by The Lindholm Company in this issue.

—Mrs. E. L. Keenan gave a most delightful six o'clock dinner Tuesday, Oct. 4th, to a few lady friends.

—"Ike" Simons, the Bradford clothier, has an interesting advertisement this week. When in Bradford look over his immense stock.

—We have been making improvements in the MINER office and need the money due us, so if you have received a bill please remit promptly.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday the pastor's subject will be "Nathan's Treatment of David's Great Sin." His evening subject will be "The World's Greatest Light."

—Some miscreant attempted to burn a pigeon house in Emporium last week and a big fire was narrowly averted. From an article in the Press we infer that a boy is suspected.

—A number of friends and neighbors of Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Calvin surprised them at their home on Cemetery street last Friday night. A social evening was passed and all had a most enjoyable time.

—Hon. William Shear died at his home in Coudersport on Tuesday of last week, aged 78 years. He was a man much honored by his many friends in Potter county and was prominent in Masonic circles.

—The residence of Rev. Father Blake of Mt. Jewett was burglarized last week and $11 in money secured. This is the fourth time his home has been entered when all the occupants were out of the house. Local talent is suspected.

—Mrs. S. A. Moorehouse and Mrs. John G. Todd entertained a large party of friends at the home of the latter Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Refreshments were served at five o'clock and later cards were the divertisement.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory started operations with a full force of men Tuesday morning. For the present the factory will only be run during the daytime but later another shift may be added. Everything points to a long and profitable fire this season for the Haines company.

—Miss Ruth Forrest entertained a party of friends at her home Tuesday evening.

—Garnet Jewel stoves is the topic of Holmes & Gilfillan's advertisement, which is new this week.

—L. K. Hogarth has a new advertisement this week which you should read. His line of drugs is always first-class.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisett is to have an opening of tailor made suits and jackets at her popular store on Monday, Oct. 17th. For particulars consult the advertisement in another column.

—"Old Si Stebbins" was presented at the Lyceum last evening, and was well appreciated by those present. Dan Darleigh as "Si" played his part to perfection, and the rest of the company done fairly well.

—Chas. Osteram, aged about 35 years, while sleeping on the railroad track last night, near Hulls, was struck by an engine and injured so badly that death ensued in about ten minutes. The remains were brought to Haight's undertaking rooms this morning.—Austin Republican.

—Twenty-eight persons were killed 60 injured by a head-end collision of Missouri Pacific trains three miles east of Warrensburg, Mo., on Monday. The trains were the section of a passenger train from Wichita for St. Louis, and an extra freight train. Most of the dead were residents of Missouri and Kansas, as are the injured.

—The centennial celebration at Olean last Thursday and Friday was a decided success. The ceremonies were attended by large delegations from all adjacent towns to the city of natural advantages. Thursday the Little Valley baseball team defeated the Bradford club and on Friday Friendship defeated Little Valley. Both games were one-sided and uninteresting.

—We have just received a new Chandler & Price 10x15 Gordon job press which will be installed in the MINER job printing department this week. With this addition to the job department we have practically put a new outfit into this office in the past three years, and to-day the MINER is one of the best equipped weekly newspaper offices in the State.

—A new banner has been strung on Main street between H. W. Rubin's store and the Grand Central Hotel. It contains the portraits of Roosevelt, Fairbanks and Dresser, and is an ornament to the highway. It also can be safely stated that this is the first banner raised in the county, which speaks well for the local committeeman and his able lieutenants.

—The McKean County Sunday School Association held its annual convention in Port Allegany last week. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. C. H. Dudley, Port Allegany; vice president, D. H. Miller, Kane; recording secretary, Miss Nettie Cody, Bradford; corresponding secretary, William A. Andorfer, Smethport; treasurer, E. N. McCoy, Kane.

William Alters, aged 85 years, who resides in the West End, has made a record as a groundhog hunter this season, having sent 30 of the weather prognosticators to their long home. Mr. Alters did not miss a single shot and every bullet struck the animal's head. The venerable hunter's eye is as true and aim as steady as they were 40 years ago.—Indiana Messenger.

—Mr. Percy E. Brown and Miss Etta Heyner, both of Mt. Jewett, were united in marriage at the parlors of the Hotel Holley, Bradford, on Wednesday morning, October 6, the Rev. A. R. Keiffer of that place, performing the ceremony. After a western trip they will reside in Mt. Jewett. They have many friends in this section who will unite with the MINER in extending congratulations.

—"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." Don't forget the big Republican mass meeting at the court house tomorrow evening, Oct. 14. Good speakers will address the meeting, which will be called at 8 p. m. Show your support of the issue which are nationally admitted to be "winners" by turning out tomorrow evening. The committee having the matter in charge have been working faithfully to make this a rousing occasion and a rousing occasion let it be.

—During the past few weeks we have sent out a great many bills for subscription. Some have remitted promptly, while others have neglected to respond. To those who have remitted we extend thanks, and to those who have not we urge an early settlement. So many of these little bills amount to a great deal in the aggregate and, while we very much dislike to inconvenience any of our subscribers, we must have the money. Please avoid further trouble by remitting promptly.

—At St. Luke's church the Day of Intercessions for Sunday Schools in England and America will be observed on next Sunday, Oct. 16th, this being the Sunday appointed in every year. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a. m., which all teachers and Sunday school workers are asked to attend. The rector will preach on the subject of Sunday school work at the 10:30 a. m. service. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. The choir will sing a selection of new anthems. All are cordially invited to attend the services.

—Word was received in Smethport yesterday morning to the effect that Rev. G. H. Paterson had been appointed by the Genesee conference as pastor of the M. E. church for another year. During the four years that Rev. Paterson has been in our midst he has been an earnest and zealous worker and has made numerous friends outside of his congregation who will be pleased to see him here for another year at least. A reception will be tendered Rev. and Mrs. Patterson to-morrow evening at the parsonage to which all members of the congregation and other friends are cordially invited.

Given High Masonic Honors.

At the last session of the Supreme Council of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry held at Boston, Hon. John Ormerod was elected to receive the Thirty-third or highest degree in Masonry. This high honor is one that comes to very few Masons and one that is conferred for merit alone. Judge Ormerod has been an active, earnest and enthusiastic worker in Scottish Rite Masonry ever since the establishment of these bodies here and his election to secure the Thirty-third degree is very pleasing to his many friends both in and out of the craft.—Potter Democrat.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 8, 1904:

Geo. Colmer, Clayton Elliott, George Kelly, Alice Olson 4, J. H. Stephens, Thos. Spaine, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Miss Mildred Taylor, A. J. Yates. Foreign—Br. Aennepury.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

The Dennison Case.

It is unofficially rumored that a report from the chemists in Buffalo authorized to examine the stomach and other organs of the late James Dennison have reported that evidence was found that arsenic had been administered to the unfortunate man. In all probability a further hearing in the matter will soon be held and the proceedings can be duly reported.

$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast

Via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or O. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Graphophones and records for sale. New selected stock direct from factory of Columbia disc and X P cylinder records at right prices. Call if you can conveniently and make your selection. Send your address for the list of latest records out.

C. M. BENSON, Colegrove, Pa.

LOST—A ladies brown leather purse containing some money and visiting cards of Mrs. Charles J. Parsons. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Mrs. C. J. Parsons, Ormsby, Pa.

"At the Old Cross Roads" at Lyceum Friday, Oct. 21.

Personal Mention.

J. A. Holder had business at Kane today.

Webb Hopper was a Hornellsville visitor yesterday.

A. W. Leonardson was over from Kane Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted are visitors in Bradford.

F. G. Lindholm visited in Niagara Falls over Sunday.

Frank Hackett and Lloyd Downey spent Sunday in Bradford.

Mrs. W. F. Specht and daughter, Edna, were Kane visitors from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Gallup and daughter, Margarette, were visitors in Pittsburg this week.

Lynn Hopper of Belmont, N. Y., was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper over Sunday.

Miss Rachel Stratton left Tuesday last, for Philadelphia where she will attend the Red Cross Nurses School.

Leo Herzog attended a party at Johnsonburg Friday evening and was the guest of friends there until Monday.

J. C. Backus left Monday for an extended trip through Ohio and Michigan in interest of his automatic pin setter.

Mr. and Mrs. Corte Gurwin and Miss Verna Mutner attended the production of "Arizona" at Bradford last Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy returned Monday from Buffalo. They were in consultation with a specialist in regard to Mrs. McCoy, who has been ailing for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford L. Fry returned Tuesday from Rochester, and Niagara Falls. At the latter place they were in attendance at the Genesee conference of the M. E. church.

Sheriff Chas. B. Mayo, accompanied by Chief of Police M. J. Welch, left Wednesday with five prisoners for the Allegheny penitentiary and two for the Huntington reform school.

Miss Mildred Dunbar, who is taking a book-keeping and stenography course at Westbrook's Commercial Academy, Olean, N. Y., spent a few days vacation at her home in Newerf, Pa.

Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t

Just in, our new stock of carpet sweepers, style finish and price are right. You should have one.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

"At the Old Cross Roads" at Lyceum Friday, Oct. 21.

Fancy colored and plain market baskets of all kinds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

HOLD ON!

Never give up when in sight of a light house. It's pipe has sprung a leak, don't think you'll be drowned but tell us quickly and we will come at once to the rescue. We will be to you in the

Plumbing Line

what the Light House is to the sailor. Our work and materials are to our business what BUOYS are to a harbor. They safe guards and prevent danger. Our work buoys you up with hope and doesn't do much damage to your bank account.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 · BELL 'PHONE · BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

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Successors to Fry & Herzog.

QUILTS. PERFECTION BRAND.

It's high time to secure your supply of comforts for the cold nights soon to prevail. In the "Perfection Brand" we offer a comfort of the home made sort—generous sizes, pure white cotton made by special process into one great quilt size sheet which does not separate and wad up like the common sorts. They are made from good grade silkolines in beautiful patterns and are nicely knotted. They will satisfy. All prices.

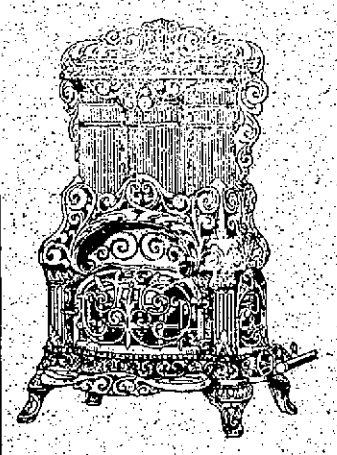
BLANKETS.

Susquehanna Woolen Mills make blankets famous for quality. We have them in Plaids, Plain Colors and White in all wool and cotton mixtures in sizes 10-4, 11-4, 12-4. Prices from $2.00 to $7.50.

COTTON FLEECED BLANKETS.

Exceptional values from 55c to $1.75.

FRY & COMES.



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Durable in Construction
Economical in Fuel
Powerful & Odorless Heater.

We claim that the Garnet Jewel gives off more heat for the amount of gas consumed than any other heater made.

"Seeing is Believing."

If you will let us show you and explain the merits of this heater we will convince you that it is all we claim for it. The greatest selection of all kinds of Heating Stoves in the county.

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Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

Queen Cophetva And the Beggar Man

By KEITH GORDON

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"Oo, no," concluded Askew, regarding his hostess intently with just that touch of cool mastery in his glance which always made her wonder if the telltale blood were rising in her cheeks and which, at the present moment, caused her somewhat haughty eyes to avoid him, like quivering, cornered animals. "A man's manhood is a greater thing even than his love! And the poor man who asks a rich woman to marry him is like the chap who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

"You place a high value upon love!" she murmured, and despite her efforts there was a little catch in her breath.

"Yes, I think I do," he resumed imperturbably, "so high a value, in fact, that I would place it above all suspicion—above even the suspicion of suspicion!" he ended in an emphatic tone.

Considering that the two were platonic friends of several years' standing, the air of the drawing room seemed curiously surcharged with meaning. Though they sat in silence with their eyes fixed upon the open fire for some time after Askew's last remark, each was fully aware of the other's thoughts, and each listened to the regular ticking of the clock with a vague impression that the sound was ominous with love and heartbreak.

Askew was a man of thirty, with a square jaw, strongly cut features and that pronounced air of masculinity that caused Miss Vance to realize with a thrill that to such a man his manhood, as he had said, must be first! It could not possibly be otherwise. Deep down in his heart of hearts a woman might reign—loved with the passion that only such natures can feel, but never really dominating his life.

Always he would be complete master of himself—and of her! He would love her with a tenderness strong and deep. In her own domain she would be supreme, but that domain would never be coextensive with his own larger life. And yet, to the tips of her fingers, she felt that she would rather be loved by him than by any other man in the world!

Moreover, she was loved by him! She knew it, though he had never by so much as a word admitted it. She was as sure of it as she was of her own love for him, and at the mere thought the blood danced riotously through her veins and her head involuntarily went up. No queen could be prouder, no mere woman more humble, than that thought made her.

Few of her associates would have recognized the expression that softened and glorified the face of the "haughty Miss Vance," as she was called behind her back, as she turned more fully toward Donald Askew and demanded softly:

"Do you mean to say that if you happened to fall in love with a rich woman—and—and"—

"And?" he interrogated.

"And she loved you—or you had reason to think that she did"—

For the second time she paused with a confused impression that the air of the room was suddenly exhausted and that breathing was by no means the simple, natural matter it had always seemed.

"Do you mean to say," she blurted out, with schoolgirlish impetuosity, "that you would not tell her that you loved her?"

"Never in the world!" was the deliberate reply. "Never!" Then he added coolly, "But I should be careful not to do anything so asinine as to fall in love with a rich girl in the first place, knowing, as I do, that the money making talent is not one to which I can lay claim."

For a moment her heart turned to ice. Then the blood flowed back warm and strong, and she understood. He was taking this stand in the hope of throwing her off the track, because his fantastic sense of honor put him out of the running, and he wished to divest himself even of the interest that an undeclared love might arouse in her. She could have laughed for very joy at his dissembling.

"What would you do assuming that in spite of yourself you should fall in love with an heiress?" she persisted.

He fenced manfully. "Well, I think I should clear out. It would be the best thing to do in a case like that."

Miss Vance, the haughty Miss Vance, the heiress of the Vance millions, regarded him demurely. She was a person who was accustomed to having her wishes complied with. She wondered vaguely what it was about the man before her that made her ready, eager even, to step down from the regal position she had always occupied and sue for his favor; why in her eyes he should seem the king! And when at last she spoke her voice was almost wistful.

"But what about the woman—the poor rich woman? Perhaps—perhaps she might hate her riches—she might just loathe them. But what could she do? Perhaps they came to her and she could not get rid of them any more than she could change the color of her eyes or the shape of her nose! And what if, in spite of it all, she loved you? Shouldn't you consider her at all?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Askew, with mock dismay. "How did we ever get into such a sentimental discussion—two good comrades like you and me? By the way," he went on quickly, "have I happened to mention to you that I'm going off for awhile—possibly for good?

"It's an excellent business offer, but it takes me to the other side of the continent. I have not actually decided, but I shall doubtless accept it. Indeed, I can scarcely afford not to for several reasons."

He did not look at her, and she was thankful for even that small sign of perturbation on his part. A quick resolution seized her. It was leap year—blessed thought—and why should not a woman, once in a thousand years or so, stand up and demand her own as fearlessly and directly as a man would do? Had she not, by every wile that a woman may use, tried to make him acknowledge his love for her? Never—never—never would he ask her to marry him because of her millions. Well, then, she would ask him!

The first tumult of her resolution over, she felt a strange exhilaration. Even the thought that intruded itself like a specter between them—the possibility that she might have mistaken his feeling toward her—did not deter her.

If she were rejected? Well, she had rejected a number of men in her day, and there would be a certain poetical justice in his meting out to her what she had meted out to them!

While these thoughts were racing through her mind she had touched the bell.

"Remember, Smithson, I am not to be disturbed," she threw over her shoulder to the butler.

"You might light a cigar if you have one about you," she suggested, nervously. "It would be a favor to me if you would. Men are always more approachable when they're smoking, aren't they?"

Askew smiled assent and complied with her request. Then he paused with the lighted cigar between his fingers and gave her a long look, which she returned unflinchingly. With an effort she began to speak.

"Duncan," she said bravely, "I have something to tell you. Perhaps not another woman in the world would do it, and perhaps you'll hate me for it"—

"Hate you!" he interrupted in a voice whose derisive incredulity was music to her ears. "Hate you! I can imagine a good many things, but not that."

"Well"—her voice was slightly uncertain, but her eyes looked into his without wavering—"you see, there is a poor rich girl—a girl who has loads of money and who just hates it because it is always cutting her off from all the things and people she cares for"—

"Poor thing!" sighed Askew mockingly. "What a pity she can't divide with me!"

"That's just what she wants to do," leaped from her lips. "She wants to give it all to you. You see—I—I'm speaking for her. She isn't in the habit of saying things like this to men, and she doesn't know exactly how to do it. But she wants you to know that she thinks you the one man in the world; that her faith in you is so great that she even dares to tell you that—she—loves—you—Donald—because she knows that if she has made a mistake and you do not care for her you will be as truthful with her as she has been with you."

Donald Askew sat as if stupefied, while the struggle between pride and love went on within him. To be pitied as the man who married the rich Miss Vance, to have it said of him that he had feathered his nest well—these and kindred possibilities rose up in his mind and galled his spirit beyond endurance.

Then his vision cleared, and he saw nothing was conscious of nothing in the world but a proud, sensitive face covered with womanly shame. Before that vision his pride went down, and, leaning forward, he buried his face in her lap. A moment later her lips touched his hair.

"I'm a brute, a perfect brute," he groaned, "to have made you do it!"

"You're the brute I love, though," was the whispered answer.

Optical Exaggeration.

Owen Wister, writing of his experience with "The White Goat and His Country," mentions a circumstance which will perhaps recall to naturalists and hunters some miscalculations of their own. He had traveled across the continent in the hope of killing white goats, and of course he had white goats in his eye.

By 10 o'clock the next morning T. and I saw "300" goats on the mountain opposite where we had climbed. Just here I will risk a generalization. When a trapper tells you he has seen so many hundred head of game, he has not counted them, but he believes what he says.

The goats that T. and I now looked at were a mile away in an air line, and they seemed numberless. The picture which the white, slightly moving dots made, like mites on a cheese, inclined one to a large estimate of them, since they covered the whole side of a hill.

The more we looked the more we found. Besides the main army there were groups, caucuses, families sitting apart over some discourse too intimate for the general public, and beyond these we could discern single animals moving, gazing, browsing, lying down.

"There's 100,000 goats!" said T.

"Let's count 'em," I suggested, and we took the glasses. There were thirty-five.

Good Old Stories.

"There's no doubt about it; he is getting on in politics."

"He hasn't done anything in particular."

"No. But they are telling the same anecdotes about him that they used to tell about Henry Clay and Daniel Webster."—Washington Star.

Their Start.

"Where did they go on their honeymoon?"

"To the hospital. You see, they had so many fool friends."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

CATS AND DOGS.

The Enmity That Exists Between These and the Reason of It.

Why does the dog hate the cat? Scientists have been investigating the enmity between these animals, and they believe that the instinctive hatred which certain beasts feel for each other is due to inheritance from ancient times, when the animals met in a wild state and preyed on each other.

The enmity between cats and dogs seems to be due more to hatred on the part of the dog than of the cat. The latter animal apparently hates dogs because dogs chase her, while the dog hates the cat because she is a cat.

A cat will feed at a place where a dog has been without betraying any signs of anger, but a dog generally becomes excited and wild if he scents the trail of a cat anywhere near his food or sleeping place.

Now this enmity is not to be explained by anything that happens between dogs and cats in domesticity or anything that ever happened between them as long ago as human history goes. In all these thousands of years dogs and cats have been kept as pets, and of all animals they are the two which should be the most friendly.

But the reverse is the case. One naturalist, Dr. Zell, seeks it in the fact that the common cat not only looks like, but smells like, the great cats of prey. And of those cats of prey there is one, much like a domestic cat in many ways, which hunts dogs by preference. This big cat is the leopard.

The domestic cat and her larger relative, the wildcat, have never harmed the race of dogs, but their great speckled cousin is and always has been the most ferocious of dog murderers, and the cat must pay for it.

Authorities agree that there is no animal that the leopard would rather eat than the dog. As a result there are many villages in the districts in which leopards are plentiful where nobody can keep a dog. The great cats will not hesitate to break into the houses to seize their favorite dish.

But, says the doubter, the modern dog certainly could not have known leopards in many thousands of years. He has been a domestic pet in regions where there have been no leopards since man first appeared.

That is true, says Dr. Zell. But he points to the fact that dogs have a habit of turning around several times before they lie down. This, he says, is due to the fact that when they were in a wild state they had to do this to press down leaves and twigs in order to prepare a bed for themselves, and as they have not overcome this habit in all their years of domesticity it is quite natural that they should still inherit fierce hatred of any creature that smells like a leopard.

Dogs and cats are not the only animals that still show inherited fear or hatred of other beasts which they have never seen themselves. Thus the rhinoceros is frantically in fear of anything white, and naturalists say that this is because once upon a time some big white animal hunted him. But that must have been long ago, for there are no big white animals now where the rhinoceros dwells.

Chickens that have never seen a fox will cackle and run in fear if they come across the place where the animal has passed or where his carcass has been dragged. If a fox has been anywhere near a cat's drinking dish the cat will not approach it.—New York Press.

A Spoiled Dinner.

Mme. de Mazarin certainly was eccentric and unfortunate, according to the memoirs of Marquise de Crequy. She never gave a reception without some accident happening. When she had a supper party the kitchen was certain to catch on fire. She gave a grand fete champetre and in order to make it more realistic sent for a flock of real sheep, a heifer and a shepherd's dog. The flock was to pass behind a glass screen. An unruly buck smashed the glass, and the entire flock, with the heifer and dog, rushed in upon the audience and scattered it. Some of the sheep got access to the supper table, and so there were no refreshments to speak of.

The Prince of Waterloo.

After the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington was created Prince of Waterloo, and four pensions were conferred on him and his descendants. A Belgian paper states that in the great book of the Belgian public debt there are four entries every year of payments to the Prince of Waterloo. They are 80,106 francs 14 centimes, 492 francs, 35 francs 80 centimes and 3 francs 47 centimes, or a total of more than £3,000.

He Does Go 'Round Battin'.

At a dinner recently given in London an American actor proposed the conundrum, "What goes 'round a button?" After the problem had been given up by the party he gave the answer, "A goat." There was a moment's silence.

Finally one of the women spoke up. "Why," she said in a puzzled tone, "I didn't know they ate buttons."—Harper's Weekly.

His Point of View.

"Do you think the world is growing better?"

"No, confound it! I dropped the nickel the conductor gave me in change this morning, and it rolled off the car."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Changed It.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The greedy eye always misses more than a generous one.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

VENETIAN GLASS.

Marco Polo Gave the First Great Impetus to Its Manufacture.

It was Marco Polo who gave the first great impetus to the glass industry at Venice. The great traveler encouraged his countrymen to manufacture and to export large quantities of glass to the orient to satisfy the growing demand there. It is difficult to determine when the first glass factories were established in Venice, says the Chicago News. Some historians have attempted to prove that it was as early as the fifth century. The most ancient existing document relating to this industry is an article in a treaty concluded in 1287 between Bohemond, prince of Antioch, and Jacobo Contarini, doge of Venice. This time stained parchment refers to the purchase of broken glass—a most necessary ingredient for the production of good glass—by the Venetian merchants in Syria. In 1289 the great council of the republic prohibited the establishment of glass furnaces in the city proper, as they were frequent causes of serious fires, and finally relegated the glassblowers to the island of Murano (1292), where the industry has flourished down to the present day.

Murano's glass manufacturers possessed many political and other privileges. Their daughters could even marry into the families of the proud Venetian patricians. In the seventeenth century the glassblowers of Venice were recognized as the best in Europe. This fact caused the Duke of Buckingham to employ Venetian workmen in the glass manufactory which he opened in 1670 for the purpose of making imitations of the fine Venetian drinking glasses.

Evelyn, the diarist, writing in 1641, says: "I passed over to Murano, famous for the best glasses of the world, where, having viewed their furnaces, I made a collection of divers curiosities. 'Tis the white flints, which they have from Pavia, which they pound and sift exceedingly small and mix with ashes made of a seaweed brought out of Syria, and a white sand that cause the manufacture to excel."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is not much trouble for the wolves to find fault with the sheep.

Always remember that a good deal may be said on the other side.

When a husband is mean to his wife he almost always outlives her.

Patience is one of those things of which we don't get enough and every one else gets too much.

Some people say that the cemetery widowers take notice a good deal quicker than the courthouse widowers.

When a girl is as cross as two sticks at home and smiling and pleasant downtown old fashioned women call her a "street angel."

One of the marvels of the age is the little indignation a girl will show at her father's great wrongs and the great indignation she will show at her lover's little ones.—Atchison Globe.

Invention of the Steam Engine.

The Marquis of Worcester, while imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1656, invented and constructed the first steam engine of which we have any authentic record and had it publicly exhibited the same year in Vauxhall in successful operation. In 1600 Dr. Papin invented and made a piston, and in 1698 Captain Savary devised and built a steam engine on a slightly modified plan, while in 1705 Newcomb, Cawley and Savary constructed their atmospheric engine complete in every detail. James Watt, who today enjoys the distinction of being the veritable author of this most useful contrivance, did not appear upon the scene until 1765, just sixty years later.—Pearson's Weekly.

Natural Cure For Rheumatism.

There is a wonderful grotto at Monsummano, Italy, called the Grotto Giusti, where the natural vapor is stated to be an infallible cure for rheumatism. Fifty years ago some workmen were quarrying for lime when they discovered the grotto, and its healing powers were first made known some little time later. In the lowest portion, appropriately named the Inferno, the temperature is about 95 degrees F., and here the victims from rheumatism sit and perspire for an hour at a time. Such a vapor bath is said to be of much greater service than a Turkish bath.

No Premeditation.

Justice of Peace. What do mean by saying it was not premeditated, Rastus? You acknowledge that you broke into the plaintiff's hardware store and stole a bunch of keys. Rastus—Yassuh, yassuh. But dat wuzn't mah fault, jedge. Mistah Smiff done put locks on his chicken coop dat none ob mah keys would fit, an' dere wuzn't no udder way ter git in widout his headin' me 'ceptin' by borrerin' dem keys. Yassuh; dat's de truf.—Judge.

His Voice.

"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?"

"Have it operated on."

"Have it operated on? Why, I'll have you to understand that I made my fortune through my voice."

"Yes. I heard you proposed to your wife with it."

Wages, Forsooth!

Mrs. Annex—I'll tell you what I'll do, Bridget. If you'll consent to stay I'll raise your wages. Bridget—Listen to her, wud ye? Raise me wages, indade! Ye'll increase me salary, that's phwat ye'll do.—Brooklyn Life.

The Modern Way.

He—And so they got married? She—Yes, they got married, were separated again in a week's time and have lived happily ever since.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Councils—Alfred Hemberg, president; Miss Tessa Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; A. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ARPORPER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. PUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $75 IN ADVANCE.

THE ERIE R'Y.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 124, week days ... 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days ... 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:50 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:28 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:32 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Washington ... m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH	Weekdays. STATIONS	SOUTH
A M LV		AR P M
2:20	Ridgway	12 01
1:46	Johnsonburg	11:35
1:26	Glen Hazel	11:18
1:07	Straight	11:07
12:12	Instanter	11:02
12:00	Smith's Run	10:55
11:50	Woodvale	10:45
11:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m., for Erie and intermediate points; arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 106, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

A. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in effect June 19th, 1904. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. & E. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 8:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Monday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective May 20, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with E. R. & P. R. R. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:40 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:30 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:37 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:40 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 4:28 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:05 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:24 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:58 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 8:45 p. m.).

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 2:35 p. m.—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.18
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	0
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.30
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd. Junc	7.37	2.42	9.33
7	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Brinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudsport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.28
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.00	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.50	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

6—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

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In the Shadow of the Dollar

By HOWARD FIELDING

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With his jaw laid in the hollow of his hand as if he had a toothache, Dr. Willard Kirby paced the floor of his office. He was a tall young man, high shouldered and bony, and he had a loose jointed gait, slightly suggestive of a skeleton propelling itself without the usual assistance from the softer fabric of the muscles. His face was intelligent and rather pleasing, except for the deep lines across the forehead, which were partly fixed and partly the result of his strenuous mental effort of the moment.

Dr. Kirby was grappling with a remarkable problem, which gripped him in return as if with a dozen strong hands. It took hold upon his heart, his pocket, his professional honor and his private conscience. It arose out of the following facts:

In the early spring he had been called to attend old Putnam Durland, incomparably the best patient that had ever come his way. Upon this occasion the regular family physician was not to be found, and therefore the millionaire's grandson, Robert Walbridge, had summoned Dr. Kirby, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. It was not a great emergency, except as all illness is serious to a man of ninety years, but Mr. Durland was well pleased with the young doctor and angry with his former medical adviser, whom he promptly discharged and appointed Kirby in his place. The advantages, emoluments and incidental consequences of this appointment had changed the face of the world for Kirby, and he had expressed a hearty gratitude to Bob Walbridge.

Under the venerable Mr. Durland's roof there dwelt a strange and inharmonious assemblage of prospective heirs. There was Mrs. Rebecca Durland, dark and tragic, a picture all in straight lines—straight, black eyebrows, straight, thin lips, straight meager shoulders, and a perennial black dress that hung straight down as rigid as iron. She was the widow of the old man's eldest son. There was Mrs. Julia Starr, daughter of his sister, long since deceased. Mrs. Starr was a weak woman of a straw yellow hue who seemed to be listening and waiting and always sat on the extreme edge of a chair so that she might jump up the quicker to claim her share of the money. There was a Mr. Starr, brother of Mrs. Starr's deceased husband. Mr. Starr naturally had no great expectations, and he revealed that fact by the settled melancholy of his visage. He was and had been for many years a clerk in a broker's office, and he

SHE HURRIED TO DR. KIRBY'S OFFICE.

sometimes spoke of Wall street operations with the air of one who directed them.

Robert Walbridge has been mentioned already. He was a big, handsome, reckless young fellow, a close pattern of his grandfather at the same age.

Lastly there was Celia Grayson, a very lovable girl with violet eyes and fine spun red hair of the sort that seems softly self illumined. Her relationship to Mr. Durland was exceedingly remote, but she was dear to his heart. He looked forward to her marriage with Robert Walbridge when the young man should have proved his capacity to strive with the world and subdue the perils of a hasty disposition. The attitude of the young people toward this match was somewhat indeterminate. It was viewed by the other heirs with natural disfavor. Mrs. Rebecca Durland had a son in the west; Mrs. Starr had two daughters at boarding school, "and, for goodness' sake," as she expressed it, "what do we want of any more?"

Early in the summer there had been an ebullition in the Durland household, and Robert Walbridge had boiled out over the edge of the kettle. He had a way of disappearing at such times, to the grief of Celia and the wrath of Mr. Durland. The others would always be anxious, though sustained by hope of the worst, and on the occasion in question they had good grounds, for it was reported that Robert had gone back to certain political associates whom his grandfather especially despised. Shortly after graduation from college the young man had developed a taste for politics and had not only chosen the wrong side (as his grandfather viewed it), but had formed friends who were not considered reputable even by one another.

The first direct communication between Robert and any member of the household took the form of a note which Celia received one afternoon in August. It ran as follows:

Dear Celia—I am in a terrible mess of trouble—under arrest and all that. You will get a better story from the evening papers than I can write, for, upon my word, I don't yet understand it myself. Worthington Winslow accuses me of something, but whatever it is I didn't do it. I want you to trust me and believe in me, yet that is not what I am going to ask of you.

Don't let my grandfather hear of this. I have been trouble enough to him, heaven knows why or how, but I have. I don't want to add this to it. I hear that he is ill and confined to his room. At his age there is danger that even a slight illness may take a fatal turn, and I wish that he might go to his rest—if he must go now—untroubled by any further cares on my account. Please do your best, Dr. Kirby will help you. ROBERT.

Celia ran out to get the afternoon papers, but they contained nothing about young Mr. Walbridge. When she had satisfied herself of this she hurried to Dr. Kirby's office and laid the matter before him.

Even at that early date Kirby's self interest would have prompted him to permit the disclosure of this news to Mr. Durland and secure the disinheritance of Robert and his final banishment from the house. Kirby was already in love with Celia, though he had as yet no more than a hint of the burning fire that subsequently fed upon his heart. Of course he promised to assist her, for he could not set himself up as one of the enemy. It was better to be on her side and fail with her. Failure seemed certain to him at that time, for there was no news which Mrs. Rebecca Durland would more gladly carry to her father-in-law than the story of Robert Walbridge's disgrace.

However, the most terrible thing about Mrs. Rebecca was her own New England conscience, and Kirby had a faint suspicion of this truth. It was at least possible that he could frighten her into silence, and this should be a great service to Celia, who was doubly anxious to obey the instructions of the letter, first, because she did not wish to see Robert cut off from his inheritance, and, second, because she truly believed that the shock of such news might kill Mr. Durland.

The result of this situation was a conspiracy between Celia and Kirby, by means of which Mr. Durland was kept for more than a month in ignorance of the fact that his grandson was under arrest. Kirby succeeded in frightening Mrs. Rebecca Durland, and she controlled such other members of the household as might have had an interest in bearing the story into the room to which the patient was confined during this period.

Circumstances greatly assisted the plot. The news of Walbridge's arrest was withheld from the newspapers through the exercise of mysterious influences. It was a political affair in one sense and was buried so cleverly that Kirby had great difficulty in getting at the facts.

It appeared that a political contribution in the form of a check for $12,000 had been drawn as usual to the order of "the bearer." This had come into the care of Worthington Winslow, an important personage at the headquarters of his party. It was through Winslow's "pull" that Walbridge obtained his position, and he acted as a minor assistant to that exalted individual. By means of the opportunity thus afforded he obtained possession of the $12,000 check, cashed it at the bank and gave the money to a confederate waiting outside. Then he returned to the political headquarters, where he was subsequently arrested.

This was the accusation in the rough. If Walbridge had made any defense Kirby could not learn what it was. His lawyers advised absolute silence and told Kirby that if he was Walbridge's friend he couldn't do better than to let the whole matter alone.

"The man who drew that check," said they, "won't let this case come to trial. Even if the money doesn't show up Walbridge will be released in a little while. It's in the interests of both sides that this case should be 'on the quiet.'"

Kirby conveyed this view to Celia, and, though she raged against it and protested her confidence in Robert's innocence, she *did not know* what else to do. The case remained strictly "on the quiet," as the young man's lawyers had expressed it, and Robert was hurried in the city prison as if it had been the old bastile. His name, however, remained in his grandfather's will, set opposite a sum decided upon in the days of the closest affection between them.

Mr. Durland was no better in health, and for all that Kirby knew he might be worse. Kirby had had very scanty experience with patients of advanced age. He was assiduous and sincere in his efforts. He pretended to understand everything, to have foreseen everything, to be prepared for everything, but in reality he was sorely puzzled. He should have called in a more experienced physician, but he dared not do so, having always in mind the fate of his predecessor.

Meanwhile he was falling more and more deeply in love with Celia, and fears were besetting him. The spectel of Robert Walbridge haunted him. He was afraid that Mr. Durland would die suddenly and leave Robert a fortune. He was afraid that the case against Robert would lapse and that he would come home and be forgiven. How should it be prevented? How should Celia and Robert be separated forever? That was the problem that racked Kirby's brain as he paced the floor of his office on that October afternoon.

His decision surely did him no credit for it was false, tricky and dishonorable. He decided that the news must come to Mr. Durland's ears. That Robert had remained so long passive under the accusation was proof of his guilt. It was not just that a thief should inherit a fortune in the dark.

As a result of his strenuous meditations Kirby thrust on his hat and went to a public telephone, where he called up the office of Stanley Curtis, who was Mr. Durland's attorney. Pretending to be a reporter, Kirby inquired about Robert Walbridge, rumored to be incarcerated in the city prison. Mr. Curtis had not heard the rumor; he was amazed by it; he would investigate immediately.

Kirby took a long walk and then went to the Durland house as if upon his usual late afternoon call. Mrs. Rebecca met him in the hall, her face wearing a cast iron smile.

"Mr. Curtis just called by telephone," said she. "He has heard about Robert."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Kirby. "You haven't told Mr. Durland?"

"HUSH, FOO!" HE CRIED.

"No," she replied. "I was waiting for you. I told Mr. Curtis what you had advised."

"And what did he say?"

"He only said 'Nonsense!'" retorted Mrs. Rebecca, smiling somewhat more broadly.

At this moment Celia came flying down the stairs.

"Who are all these men?" she cried. "All these men who are coming into the yard?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Kirby. "I don't know."

The bell rang sharply. A servant opened the door. A voice without said: "I would like to see Mr. Durland. I represent the Herald."

Then there was a confused murmur out of which, as it seemed, the tall form of Stanley Curtis emerged as if he had broken his way through a mob.

"Mr. Curtis," cried Kirby, "if I were you I wouldn't"—

The lawyer was already halfway up the stairs.

"We have done our duty," said Mrs. Rebecca, folding her hands upon her bosom.

Celia was busy with the reporters, and Kirby with his own nerves, which were jumping out of his body. Presently a noise above attracted the attention of all. Celia turned about, and a gust of wind blew the front door open as the girl's hand slipped from the knob.

The majestic form of old Putnam Durland appeared upon the stairs, his white hair waving behind him.

"Here, you!" he cried, waving his hand to the reporters on the steps. "Come in here. I've got something to say to you. And to you," he cried, catching sight of Kirby—"you've known of this from the beginning, and you've kept it away from me. That's settled your case. Send in your bill, sir; send in your bill. As for you, Celia, I forgive you. Women are not supposed to have any judgment; they're better without it. And now, boys," he added, turning to the reporters, "I'm ready for you. It appears that a crooked old rascal named Worthington Winslow, whose unsavory record I know from 1868 down to the present time, has got my boy Robert—Robert Walbridge, my dead daughter's child—into a peck of trouble. Well, gentlemen, I'm going to get him out again. You may say in your paper that every dollar I have in the world is back of this.

"I know where that money has gone. It has gone into Winslow's greasy pocket. My lawyer here, Mr. Curtis, got wind of this thing an hour ago, and he has seen my boy, who has been wrongly advised by a couple of crooked political lawyers. He says that Winslow gave him that check and told him to give the money to a certain man. Simple, perfectly simple! How was my boy going to prove it? Nobody saw Winslow give him the check; nobody knows who got the money. Winslow has influence; Robert hasn't any—or wouldn't have if I were on my deathbed, as Winslow supposed me to be. But I'm very much alive in spite of a bad doctor, and if you gentlemen will watch the developments of the next few days you will see the last of Mr. Worthington Winslow. That's all at present. For further particulars see Mr. Curtis."

The reporters exchanged glances; they smiled a one fight. Unfortunately, however, the game was spoiled by Winslow himself, who decamped next day, leaving a shortage in his accounts, which explained the desperate trick he had played on Walbridge.

Robert came home and was forgiven, and there was general amnesty all around, except for poor Kirby, who was a victim of justice blindfolded.

"If he hadn't sense enough to know what *I'd do in a case of this kind*," said Mr. Durland, "he hasn't sense enough to be my doctor, so there's the end of him, and *there's no need to discuss the matter either*."

TIGER HARD TO POISON

Lion Usually Falls an Easy Victim, as He Eats Voraciously.

Wolves, tigers, leopards and other carnivora are difficult to poison because of the power which they have of rapidly getting rid of the drug. Lions, on the other hand, are very frequently poisoned, as they eat voraciously and quickly, more like a dog than the other large felidae. It is said that a good many lion skins, especially those brought back by foreign counts and others from Somaliland before the regrettable misunderstanding between whites and blacks had begun in that region famous for large game, were obtained by the unsportsmanlike method of poisoning carcasses and leaving them for the lions to devour.

Cattle, which have no less than four stomachs, are hopelessly poisoned if once they have swallowed a dose, whether in a toxic plant or otherwise. It is this curious arrangement of their interiors which makes it such a difficult matter to give cattle medicine at all.

In common with human beings, animals seem to be affected by poison in certain forms when in a particular condition of health. At other times they can eat the same plant or shrub with impunity. In certain states of health a man can eat pork, lobsters, cockles, scallops and other somewhat risky foods without bad effects. At other times the same edibles would produce on him the effect of ptomaine poisoning. Two persons may eat of the same food at the same time, and while one is perfectly well afterward the other may become violently ill.

The curious cases of yew poisoning among cattle or horses seem to be somewhat analogous. They will sometimes browse on shoots of yew and take no harm whatever. At other times they are obviously made very ill or die from eating the leaves. They have even been found dead with the yew, fresh and undigested in their stomachs.

Where poisonous plants are present in any great numbers in herbage it seems quite impossible to prevent cattle from eating them.

Birds seem to have no discrimination whatever in regard to poisons, probably because they have almost no sense of smell and swallow their food without masticating it. Such intelligent birds as rooks will pick up and eat poisonous grain, and crows and ravens readily eat poisoned eggs or meat.

Chickens will eat the poisonous seeds of the laburnum and die from the effects. Whether birds such as tits and green finches ever do so does not seem to be known, but wild birds are frequently found dying in gardens, though apparently they have been in good health a few hours before, and their death may probably be due to the consumption of poisonous seeds.—Chicago Chronicle.

She Was Doing Her Best.

Genuine Scotch canniness shines through this story which the Philadelphia Ledger publishes: "A widow one day in spring was seen by the clerk of her parish crossing the churchyard with a watering pot and a bundle. 'Ah, Mistress Macnavish,' said the clerk, 'what's yer business wi' sic like gear as that yare carrying?' 'Ah, weel, Mr. Machachlan,' replied the widow, 'I'm just goin' to my guidman's grave. I've got some hay seeds in my bundle, which I'm going to sow upon it, and the water in the can is just to give 'em a spring like.' 'The seed within want the watering,' rejoined the clerk. 'They'll spring finely themselves.' 'That may well be,' replied the widow, 'but ye dinna ken that my guidman, as lay a-deeing, just got me to promise that I'd never marry again till the grass had grown above his grave. And, as I've had a good offer inside me but yestreen, ye see, I dinna like to break my promise or be kept a lone widow, as ye see me!'"

First Stogies.

"The first stogy was made by hand in the wilds of Pennsylvania," said an Allegheny City man. "The story which they tell once in awhile in West Virginia and which must be true is that the long cheroots derived their names from the town of Conestoga, Pa. An emigrant train of wagons was finding its way across the state, and a supply of tobacco was found at Conestoga. The emigrants got a lot of it, but failed to get any pipes, and so could not smoke unless they made pipes themselves. Necessity is the mother of invention. You may have heard that remark before. Anyhow, one of the men rolled a leaf of the tobacco in his hand and wrapped it with another leaf. That was the first stogy. Others followed his example, and they all called the article that they made a stoga in honor of the town at which the tobacco was secured. That is said to be the true story of how the name stogy originated."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Name of Turner.

Not every Turner owns his name to a lathe working ancestor, for, as Mr. Davies says in his account of the York press, "the elaborate initial and capital letters and flowered marginal borders (in the MSS.) were invented and drawn by the tourneures and flourishers," and it is highly probable that they made impress on the nomenclature of posterity. Mr. Lower ("Patronymica Britannica") says that "those who dislike the plebeian tourneure of Turner have contrived to turn it into Turnoure" on the plea that they came from some tour noir in Normandy. He states that Turner is one of the most common of surnames and inclines to agree with Mr. Ferguson that the popularity of tourneys or tournaments had much to do with it.—Notes and Queries.

ODD BATTLE OF SONGS

ONE NOVEL INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812.

How a Vocal Contest Between a Batch of Yankee Prisoners and a British Crew Ended—Noise of Rolling Shot as a Punishment.

"I have been in a number of full fledged naval actions myself and in many more scrimmages," said a venerable man-of-war's man the other day, "so I am entitled to know something about the subject, but I am free to confess that the strangest fight on the l... as I ever heard about was one in ... my father took part when he was a prisoner in the War of 1812. My father when a young man enlisted on the American privateer Prince de Neufchatel, which, as you may know, was one of the most famous privateers in our second war against Great Britain and which was finally run down and captured by three of the biggest of the British war frigates.

"The crew of the Prince de Neufchatel was divided into three batches, my father being in the one that was placed aboard the Leander, Sir George's flagship. After being relieved of all their baggage the prisoners were stowed away in the stuffy cable tier. As the squadron was several weeks from its destination and the prisoners were allowed to come up on deck only for a few hours each day, the problem of killing time was a serious one. How some of it was killed my father's own words, as set down in his diary as follows, will tell:

"'Many of the first hours each night were spent in story telling, singing or "rigging" one another, all joining in to help pass the burdensome hours. The singing was made up of such songs as seamen generally learn by heart, but in our case most of the songs were commemorative of our recent naval victories over the English.

"'One night it was understood that our naval songs were not relished by the officers in the British frigate. This only brought about others with a louder chorus and an extra hurrah for Yankee thunder. In order to stop the annoyance the English picked out half a dozen of their best singers on board the Leander, who were backed by several dozen shipmates to join in the choruses. They stationed themselves around the open hatchway over our heads and began singing patriotic English naval songs.

"'We allowed them to finish their songs, when we struck up with one in opposition extolling the glories of the Yankee navy, each one of us striving to outdo his shipmate, especially in the chorus. Knowing that the character of our country was at stake, and that it depended much upon our management and zeal whether it should be upheld in the face of our enemies, we strove accordingly to do our best as its representatives. The contest was kept up for some time, evidently to our advantage not only in the quality of the singing, for in this our opponents could not hold their own for a moment, but as to the number and variety of the songs, they having run out of their victories over the Yankees before our party was fairly warmed up to the fight.

"'That they might not fag in the contest they took up the songs, "The First of June," "Battle of the Nile," besides many others in which we felt not the least national interest, and we did not fail giving them the lie in plain English that they were dodging the issue as first agreed upon. This they cared far less for than they did for the home thrust victory over them from the Yankees to each one of theirs over the French and Spanish.

"'At last our fire became so warm that they were compelled to back out of the contest, chopfallen. And they had the satisfaction of having their defeat announced to all on board by three times three cheers, accompanied by handclapping and such other noises as each one of us could invent. Word now came from the deck that such noises could not be tolerated and that we must be quiet. This only aroused the prisoners to greater exertions, making what was singing before yelling now, as discordant as sixty loud throats could make them, each tuned upon a key peculiarly his own.

"'In a few minutes the officer of the deck came down and with most blustering and many threats declared that if order was not maintained resort would be had to unpleasant means. If the most savage tribe of Indians had at once broken loose in a terrific war whoop it could not have been louder than the yells of defiance that came from the prisoners on the conclusion of this officer's speech. He then tried to reason on the absurdity of prisoners persisting in the unequal contest, saying that "the order of the ship must and shall be maintained. If by no other means, I will order the marines to fire into the hold, and when too late you will learn your folly."

"'Had this advice been tendered previously to the threatenings it might have had the desired effect. But it was now too late. Advice and threats were alike thrown back with the utmost scorn and contempt. One big, brawny Yankee who was standing near the opening on the termination of the officer's last threat yelled out:

"'"Crack away, my Johnny. You can make killing no murder, but you can't so easily mend the shot holes in your cables!"

"'It will be remembered that we were in the cable tier, the great coils of rope being stowed in the bottom of the compartment, leaving only a little room for the prisoners. If the marines fired many of the cables would be ruined, and the officers would be obliged to explain matters to the admiralty.

"'"If he mends his manners he'll have task enough without troubling himself about cables," said another prisoner.

"'"Wait until you fall in with the Constitution, and you will learn something about firing."

"'"Hurrah for Old Ironsides!"

"'"Three cheers for the gallant Perry!"

"'Many such expressions came from the prisoners, so the officer was compelled to retire in discomfiture, his retreat being greeted by nine hearty cheers.

"'I expected unpleasant consequences to follow immediately after his leaving the hatchway, as indeed did all the prisoners whose mad excitement left them sense enough for a sober thought. But we were not disturbed for the remainder of that night. The singing and shouting were kept up until daybreak, not allowing the wardroom officers a moment's rest, as they were situated on the deck immediately above us. We were told on the next day that we would be provided for if we persisted in disturbing the ship's company in their rest.

"'Nothing daunted by this threat, the prisoners began their singing on the following night as before. The songs and choruses had gone on for two hours or more without any notice being taken of our proceedings when all at once a dozen shots of the largest size in the frigate (forty four pounders) were let loose on the deck above us and left free to roll with the motion of the ship the livelong night. Scantling was so fixed on the deck as to confine the area of their rolling to the space directly over our heads.

"'As the shot passed from one side to the other at each roll of the frigate they caused a low, harsh, thunderlike rumbling, as deafening as dreadful as and more horrible than the booming of 10,000 Chinese gongs intermingled with as many bell clappers. They were brought suddenly to a standstill when coming to the scantling and with a jar and noise but little less than the discharge of small artillery.

"'In this there was no variation, except as they came in contact with each other, when the sharp snap of the balls meeting was enough to split the brains of us who were underneath with the advantage of the planks immediately above our heads to convey and magnify the rumbling noise as a sounding board a hundredfold.

"'Many of us were determined to brave it out and let those on deck know that they still had the same party to deal with. Some strove hard to keep up the singing, but the power of cold shot was greater. Some jeered, laughed and joked, but the rolling shot were impervious to all such inducements to quit their noise. Some swore, raved and cursed, but the shot went *booming on* stupidly, dead to every alluring blandishment or imprecation. Some hallooed, yelled and whooped. On came the shot, doggedly indifferent to it all. Some blustered, threatened and stormed. Still rolled on the shot as stolcally unconcerned as if it were their legitimate employment. Some sighed, groaned and roared. Rumble-de-bump went on the shot, utterly regardless of the throbbing ear drums and twitching nerves of the sufferers below.

"'The slugers, the jokers, the sneerers, the whoopers, the stormers and the roarers one by one dropped off till all in the cable tier were silenced. Finally not one sound was to be heard save that caused by those dull, heavy messengers of mortal anguish which kept on rolling their unceasing rounds, thereby creating torments fit only for the damned. I have read somewhere that the greatest physical punishment yet put upon the human frame is that of being placed in a confined position where water was slowly but constantly dripping, drop upon drop, upon the bare head of the victim. But I am sure the originator of this assertion could never have been in the situation we were in that night, with those shot rolling on the deck so close to our heads that we could scarcely sit in an upright position.

"'Ever after this if we continued our songs later than 10 o'clock the shot were set rolling and ceased not until the songs were hushed. The shot were an accompaniment neither agreeable to the performers nor melting to the hearers and which we were glad to dispense with even at the expense of losing the reputation we had so fearlessly earned by the display of our vocal talent under the very thunder of England's heaviest armament, whose deafening roar was only equaled by its never ceasing roll, which slackened not till her every opponent lay low in silence.'"—New York Tribune.

The Secret of Whistler's Mastery.

It has often been said that Whistler's art was an art of evasion. But the reason of the evasion was reverence. He kept himself reverently at a distance. He knew how much he could not do, nor was he ever confident even of the things that he could do, and these things, therefore, he did superlatively well, having to grope for the means in the recesses of his soul. The particular quality of exquisiteness and freshness that gives to all his work, whether on canvas or on stone or on copper, a distinction from and above any contemporary work and makes it dearer to our eyes and hearts, is a quality that came to him because he was an amateur and that abided with him because he never ceased to be an amateur. He was a master through his lack of mastery. In the art of writing he was a master through his lack of mastery. There is almost exact parallel between the two sides of his genius. Nothing could be more absurd than the general view of him as a masterly professional on the one side and a trifling amateur on the other. He was certainly a painter who wrote. But by the slightest movement of Fate's little finger he might have been a writer who painted.—Metropolitan Magazine.

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JAVA'S DEATH PLANT.

It Grows Only on the Sterile Soil of the Volcanic Regions.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated Death valley, has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the kali mujah, or death plant. It grows only on the sterile soils of the volcanic regions of Java and the adjoining islands and is even there reckoned as a curiosity on account of its extreme scarcity. It grows from two and a half to three feet in height, with long, slender stems, well protected by stout thorns nearly an inch in length. The ground leaves are of a delicate, satinlike smoothness, heart shaped, emerald green on one side and blood red, streaked and veined with light buff, on the other.

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness. The name of the plant is from a characteristic of these splendid flowers, which, beautiful though they are, continually drip with a deadly poison.

The poison, which is distilled in the bottom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few seconds, even when inhaled in open air. The perfume, if such a pungent odor can properly be so called, produces insensibility in the form of convulsions, distorting the face, especially the mouth and eyes, into a horrid, crazy looking grin. Recovery from the effects of inhaling this odor is said to be very slow.

THE TREE OF IMAGES.

Legend of a Peculiar Plant That Grows In Tibet.

There is a legend about a tree of Tibet, called the "tree of 10,000 images," which reads like this:

Far away in the dreary land of Ambo, in Tibet, is a green valley in which, in a Tartar tent, was born a wonderful boy named Tsong Kaba. From his birth he had a long white beard and flowing hair and could speak perfectly his native tongue.

His manners were majestic, and his words were full of wisdom. When he was three years old he resolved to cut off his hair and live a solitary life. So his mother shaved his head and threw his long, flowing locks upon the ground outside their tent door. From his hair sprang the wonderful tree.

Tsong Kaba lived many years, did countless good deeds and at last died. But the tree which had grown up from his hair lived, and they called it "the tree of 10,000 images." This was long before the Christian era, but it is the testimony of the French missionaries that the tree lives yet. The leaves are always green. The wood is of a reddish tint and has an aroma as of cinnamon.

The bark of the tree is marked with well known symbols in the Tibetan language. Alphabetic characters also appear in green on every leaf, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. The branches of the tree are described as being spread out like plumes of feathers crowning a trunk only eight feet high, but of great girth.

Two French missionaries who saw the tree were fully convinced that the marks upon it were of natural growth.

He Still Agreed.

Lord Justice Romer was a chancery judge in England for nine years before he was raised to the appeal court. Decisive in manner and no waster of words, his simple "I agree" has become famous. Lord Justice Rigby was giving an elaborate decision one day and happened to pause in that effective way he had to give emphasis to a point. In an instant came in Sir Robert Romer's sonorous "I agree," to the visible discomfiture of Sir John Rigby. "But I hadn't finished my observations," he said and thereupon continued his judgment, somewhat more exhaustively. At length he finished, "I still agree," said Lord Justice Romer. And the appeal court rang with unaccustomed laughter.

Looking Into the Future.

"I guess I might as well quit school, pa," said the boy.

"Why, my son?"

"Oh, there ain't any use going, except to be able to help my little boy when I grow up, and if they have changed the way of doing things since you were a boy so that you can't help me it's likely I'm just wasting my time getting ready to help my little boy."

He got the help he wanted, but it was a good thing he didn't hear what his father had to say about newfangled school books after he had gone to bed.—New York Press.

His Favorite Animals.

Sunday School Teacher—Do you love animals?

Boy—Yes'm.

"That's right. I'm glad you do. What animals do you like best?"

"Snakes."

"Goodness! Why do you like snakes?"

"'Cause it ain't wicked to kill 'em."

Practically Admitted.

Tess—May is considerably older than Bess, Jess—Yes. May practically admitted it to me the other day. Tess—You don't say? Jess—Yes; she said, "Bess is just about my age."—Philadelphia Press.

Success.

Paul—Percy, what is your idea of success? Percy—My idea of success? Well, it is having people run after me who used to run away from me.

The more you speak of yourself the more you are likely to lie.—Zimmerman.

Natural Conclusion.

Child (in berth of night steamer)—Mother, I'm so sleepy. I want to go to bed. Mother—But you are in bed, my dear. Child—No, I'm not. I'm in a chest of drawers.—Exchange.

Each succeeding day is the scholar of that which went before it.—Syrus.

TWO BITS OF LUCK.

An Incident In Which the Good and Bad Tragically Mixed.

The late senator Vest of Missouri used to tell a story of good luck and hard luck without a counterpart, according to the Buffalo Commercial. One day, while he was a member of the Confederate congress, he lost a month's pay somewhere on the streets of Richmond. Just as the woman in Scripture who lost a piece of silver called together her friends and neighbors and sought diligently until she found it, he called his friends and went with them on what seemed a hopeless search through the snow covered, dimly lighted streets of Richmond. The chances were a thousand to one against success. "We hadn't been out fifteen minutes when a young lieutenant in our party stooped down and picked up my lost roll. I was in high glee and wanted to treat. We were piloted to a cafe which, pending some repairs, had a ladder of about a dozen rungs instead of stairs. We all climbed up, considering it a great lark, all the while talking about what a lucky fellow the young lieutenant was and predicting great things for him. As we climbed down again the young lieutenant fell from the ladder and broke his neck."

GUILDS OF THIEVES.

Organized Bodies In China That Thrive on Fees.

China is the country of guilds, and the guild of thieves in any district might almost be described as a recognized body. It is treated with by all householders until it has become a kind of insurance agency against theft. All gatekeepers and night watchmen pay a small monthly fee to this guild in order that no thieving may take place on the premises over which they have control. Then if anything does go wrong it will be due to a free lance who would be promptly murdered if captured by the guild thieves themselves.

A recent writer on China states that a friend of his who employs many hundreds of coolies pays a regular monthly salary to the head of the thieves in that district. The man comes to the office on pay days like other employees to draw his wages. If, however, anything has been missed from the factory during the month the value of it is deducted from his salary until the article is restored, which is invariably done within a short time, and in full.

KAFFIRS AND SNUFF.

A Grave Breach of Manners to Take a Pinch Standing Up.

In South Africa among the Kaffirs snuff taking is universal, and it is a grave breach of manners to ask your host for a pinch when you are standing up.

The reason for this is found in the treacherous practices of former times. When one man wished to kill another a favorite device was to ask him for a pinch of snuff, and then, while the unsuspecting victim was fumbling for his snuffbox, the murderer had a splendid opportunity. As this trick for taking a man at a disadvantage became familiar it naturally grew to be a point of good manners to make your request when squatting on the ground, when clearly you were intending no evil.

The Kaffir snuff is made from crude tobacco grown at every kraal, which is powdered up and mixed with the ash of the aloe, carefully ground on a stone and dumped. It is always etiquette to ask for snuff, and the donor grants your request grudgingly, lest he should be suspected of pressing upon you bewitching medicine with it.

Suspicious.

Dr. Sloan of Ayr many years ago said that a friend of his had gone not long before to see the parish minister of Craigie, near Kilmarnock, and, finding him for the moment engaged, had turned into the churchyard, where he sauntered past the sexton, who was at work digging a grave. As the clergyman was detained some time, the visitor walked to and fro along the path and at length noticed that the sexton's eyes were pretty constantly fixed upon him. At length he stopped and, addressing the gravedigger, asked: "What are ye staring at me for? Ye needna tak' the measure o' me, if that's what you're ettlin' at, for we bury at Riccarton."—Reminiscences of Sir Archibald Geikie.

An Oddly Placed Church.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells, England, stands partly in Kent and partly in Sussex; but, more than that, it also stands in three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry he comes out of the parish of Frant, in Sussex, and if he is going to officiate at the altar he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon he walks from Frant into the parish of Speldhurst.

One of Man's Blessings.

When a man talks too much his wife pulls at his coat for him to sit down, and it is not until she is dead and he makes a fool of himself that the world recognizes how much of his past good record was due to this coat tail censor.—Atchison Globe.

Reasonable.

Smith—I am the most reasonable man on earth. Jones—Then why do you always insist on having your own way? Smith—Because it's the most reasonable one.

"De worst nuisance on earth," said Uncle Eben, "is de man dat keeps huntin' around to see how many nuisances he kin find to kick about."—Washington Star.

An Archbishop's Wit.

Archbishop Ryan once concluded a brilliant defense of the Irish cause when a listener shouted:

"But the Irish are guilty of treason!"

"Perhaps," replied the archbishop, "but please remember that what is treason elsewhere becomes reason in Ireland because of the absentee."

THE LAW OF MOTION.

Effect of Dropping a Weight on and Off a Moving Car.

If a person were to jump into the air from the floor of a car in a rapidly moving train his feet would reach the floor in a direct line to the very spot from which he jumped, in accordance with the second law of motion, which says: If there be two or more causes of motion taking place in two different right lines, whether inherent in the body or external to it, their effects do not interfere, nor does either diminish or augment the effect of the other. In other words, when a force acts upon a body in motion the change of motion which it produces is in the direction and proportioned to the magnitude of the force which acts. Those who move on a railroad at the rate of thirty miles an hour, or forty-five feet in a second, do not find the relation in which they stand to the objects in the car in any degree changed by the velocity. Take a stone by way of illustration—instead of the person jumping—and it, like the passengers, has a common motion onward with and derived from the train, and when let fall from the hand it retains that motion during its descent. At the beginning of its fall it would have the speed of the train in a horizontal direction, and gravity would act upon it in a vertical direction, and it would fall as if the car was without motion. If the stone be dropped outside from the platform of the car to the lower step thereof instead of to the ground it will be found that in accordance with the laws stated it will fall in a direct vertical line, the same as does the stone let fall inside the car. The stone, if dropped to the ground outside, likewise falls in a direct vertical line, but it has lost the onward motion of the train and is left behind.

A Sweet Joke.

An American army officer who was in Cuba during the Spanish war was extremely dissatisfied with the cooking. He insisted that the Cubans put sugar into everything they cooked. At last he announced that he would eat nothing but boiled eggs. "They can't sugar them," he declared. So he ordered them next morning. But before he appeared at the table another officer had filled the salt cruet with sugar. When the "kicker" appeared, his eggs were brought to him. He opened them with a gloomy complacency and sprinkled over them plenty of the doctored salt. At the first mouthful he turned purple. "Sugared! Sugared!" he exclaimed and rushed from the table.

She Had No Foreign Complaint.

"Is it true that you were very seasick on the trip over?" asked Mrs. Goodart.

"Yes, indeed," replied the old lady.

"Why, I understand your daughter left a sure remedy in your stateroom before the ship sailed."

"No, indeed, there wasn't nothin' there but a bottle of something for mal de mer, an' I knew I didn't have no foreign disease like that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Cashed It.

"Porter," said the man who finds fault, "there's a draft in my section of this sleeping car." "Well, sir," was the reply accompanied by an outstretched hand, "dar ain' but one way to git rid ob a draft." "What's that?" "Cash it."

A Suggestion.

Shortleigh—To be honest, old fellow, I'm rapidly growing dissatisfied with my own company. Jokelegh—Great Scott! Why don't you marry and join some club?—Town Topics.

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Tickets on sale every day except Fridays and Saturdays, until November 24th. Good seven days. See local Agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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The following prizes will be given to those among the readers of The Philadelphia Inquirer who shall most nearly predict the total vote cast at the next Presidential election, to be held Tuesday, November 3, 1904.

First Prize	$2,000.00 in cash
Second Prize	1,000.00 in cash
Third Prize	500.00 in cash
Fourth Prize	250.00 in cash
Fifth Prize	100.00 in cash
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Seventh Prize	25.00 in cash
20 prizes of $10 each	200.00 in cash
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Read the Conditions.

This contest is based on the total vote to be cast for the office of President of the United States and will close at midnight November 7, 1904, and no coupons received after that time will be considered.

The official figures will determine the result and prizes will be awarded accordingly.

In case two or more correct estimates are received, the first prize will be awarded to the earliest one, priority being determined by the time of receipt at the Inquirer office, and the others will receive second prize, and so on in their regular order.

Each estimate must be sent in on the coupon printed daily (or a similar one cut from The Inquirer) with twenty-five cents for one month's advance subscription to the daily Inquirer.

If more than one estimate is sent, twenty-five cents additional for each one must be inclosed, the extra money being applied as further payment in advance on the sender's subscription, or at whatever other address he may wish, the paper delivered. Thus, if four estimates are sent, one dollar must be inclosed in payment for four months' advance subscription to The Inquirer, or twenty-five cents for each one.

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No..... I predict that the total number of votes cast in the United States on November 8, 1904, for the office of President will be.....

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